ARNOLD,

OR

THE TREASON OF WEST POINT:

A TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY HORATIO HUBBELL.

PHILADELPHIA:
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Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the Seventeenth day of August, A.D. one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, Horatio Hubbell, of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the Title of a book, the title of which is in the words following, to wit :

ARNOLD. or The Treason of West Point: a Tragedy, in Five Acts—By Horatio Hubbell;

The right whereof he claims, as author, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to Amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

THOMAS L. KANE, Clerk Dist. Court.

H. YOUNG, PRINTER.

TO THE

AMERICAN PEOPLE

THIS FRAGMENT

FROM THEIR HISTORY

IS RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED.

PREFACE.

As Washington was the good principle, so Arnold was the devil of the Revolution. How his reckless courage raised him from a captain to the rank of Major-General—the highest in our service—how his promotion was kept back; how he became intoxicated with success or blinded with presumption; how he married the beautiful Miss Shippen, of Philadelphia; how he plunged into extravagance; how his profligate and daring character was developed by his exigencies; how he became involved; how he was court-martialled and reprimanded; how he meditated revenge; how he opened a secret correspondence with the enemy; how it was conducted by himself and Andre, under the fictitious names of Gustavus and Anderson; how he obtained the command of West Point, and conspired to surrender it to the enemy; how he was detected—fled, and was consigned to eternal obloquy, are matters of history.

In the construction of the drama, I have followed the history as closely as possible The whole transaction is in itself a tragedy. The denouement accords with poetic justice. There are punishments worse than death: Arnold was frustrated in his schemes; stripped of his rank; banished from his country; branded with infamy; and lived and died an execrated traitor!

Andre perished the victim of his imprudence and temerity; and in his execution, death closes the scene with tragic solemnity.

I have placed the virtue of the piece where it is always appropriately placed, in the bosom of a woman. Mrs. Arnold—who is the only female introduced—is the conscience of Arnold incarnate. From her he receives those reproaches that he must have often felt in his dark and mysterious soul.

That his wife was ever acquainted with his designs has never been historically settled—much less that she ever countenanced them; and when she becomes acquainted with them in the drama, it is only to reproach him.

Although our own produced a traitor, yet the gentler sex appear to have been patriots without exception. Nor would I believe that any of my noble countrywomen, especially a virtuous and accomplished lady of Philadelphia, would so far forget her duty as to betray her country.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

Men.

Arnold, an American General, (the Traitor.)
Andre, a Spy, Adjutant General of the British army, (his victim.)
Clinton, Commander of the British forces.
Tallmadge, an American Officer.
Varick, the same.
Col. Lamb, Commandant of the works at West Point.
Joshua Smith, a Gentleman.
The Old Man of the Mountain.
A Prisoner, a Tory Gentleman, taken prisoner.
General Greene, and Board of General Officers.
Sergeant.
Sentinel.
Officers and Soldiers, &c.

Woman.

Wife of Arnold.

SCENE.

West Point—Fort Putnam—Stony Point—Highlands on the Hudson River—The Clove below Haverstraw and Governor's Island, in the Harbour of New York.

ARNOLD,

OR

THE TREASON OF WEST POINT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

WEST POINT—RAMPARTS OF FORT PUTNAM.

Enter Varick.

Varick. All's well throughout, the fortress sleeps secure—
Thus have I pass'd the watchful round, and here
Awhile pause on the turf-clad parapet
To drink the beauties of this midnight scene!
The mountain masses tow'r in gloom, and throw
Their bold abutments in the tranquil stream;
The moon shines clear above, as if her orb—
Hung in the blue immensity—her light
Pour'd on the time-worn crag, the gliding flood,
And forest foliage, mingles with darkness
And flings o'er all a dim and mystic veil.
How hush'd and silent all! save where, as if
A spirit pass'd, the night-wind rustles by—
Or from the distant hills the wailing cry
Of the wild panther falls ever and anon
Upon the ear, his hunger plaint to nature
For a nightly boon; these, and at intervals
The melody of some lone whip-poor-will
Breaks thro' the stillness of the deep repose.
But what comes there? a boat 'twould seem, row'd rapid,
By the quick flashing of the gleaming oar.
And now they reach the strand. Hark! 'tis the horn,
[*A horn sounds.*]
The signal of the water battery.

A voice] What, ho! the guard.
Varick. The guard!

Enter Sergeant.

Serg't. Sir! your orders?
Varick. To the landing place, the signal thus demands.
Serg't. I waited but your word. [*exit Sergeant*]
Varick. What now? perhaps some special messenger,
Some passing comrades, or some new recruits,
For in these stirring times of revolution
And of war, events are clust'ring round these
Rocks, or flitting by like clouds that pass or
Hover o'er the mountain peaks—for here within
This rocky citadel hath Freedom garner'd
Choicest hopes; and built upon these rugged
Cliffs the portal of the great highway between
The sister States.
But who comes there?

Enter Lamb.

Lamb. Comrade!
'Tis I—
[illegible] Hail commandant, why break your slumber
At this lonely hour?
Lamb. My couch was sleepless;
The night alone, with its serenity,
Had woo'd me forth; when lo! the warning horn
Gave fresh incentive to half-born desire.
Varick. 'Tis well, perhaps the exigence will ask
Your counsel; were you not here, we were compell'd
To make intrusion when you sought repose.
Lamb. What means the signal?
Varick. As yet I know not,
But await the answer with my messenger's
Return.
Lamb. Sir, have you made your nightly rounds?
Varick. In truth they were but even now completed.
Lamb. How were the watch upon the distant hills?
Varick. All bright awake and keenly vigilant.
Lamb. And then the redoubts, that guard the approaches?
Varick. Well mann'd, and arm'd, with ample preparation.
Lamb. And the patrols that spy each mountain pass?
Varick. All, all alert, they scout each gorge and ravine.
Lamb. The lower posts—respond they to our signals?

Varick. Most faithfully, and send us back, "all's well."
Lamb. Enough! they stand as our dependencies,
And, when demanded, must receive our aid;
For since the passage of our army led
By Washington, in hasty march, across
The Hudson's flood, we of the western shore
With weaken'd garrisons, from frequent drafts,
Are left uncover'd, and the more expos'd
To sudden onslaught from our lurking foe.
Varick. 'Tis true! and rest upon our own resource.
Lamb. Therefore would I commend you vigilance,
Lest Stony point, late by the daring Wayne
So bravely rescu'd, should bloodier fall.
Varick. What would the noble Chief now meditate
By moving thus upon the Eastern bank?
Lamb. Most probably a menace to New York;
There lies the stronghold of the hostile power,
And since the succors sent by France, guided
By gallant Rochambeau, have made good footing
On our shores, Rhode Island, where now they trench,
Is strongly threaten'd by the British host.
Varick. We thus divert them to their own defence.
Lamb. Exactly thus, and hold communication
Ready with the forces of our brave ally.
Varick. Or offer concert to a joint design.
Lamb. 'Tis evident—but the crafty enemy,
Perhaps with new accretions to his arms,
Seeing attention drawn to distant points,
Knowing what rich munitions here are stor'd,
And the injury their capture would inflict,
May rush upon us like a sudden storm
And carry ruin to our dearest hopes;
For this, I warn you to be vigilant.
Varick. And as I love my country and her rights,
I'll show that vigilance.

Enter Sergeant (saluting).

He comes! speak quickly, what intelligence?
Serg't. One that bears despatches from head-quarters
Demands admission to the Commandant.
Varick. Enough, the Commandant by chance is here,
Allow the bearer, therefore, free approach.

[*Exit Sergeant, and immediately returns with an officer, and then exit.*

[*Varick goes to meet the stranger.*

Varick. What, Tallmadge! is it you, my gallant friend?
I bid you truly welcome.

Tall. Brave comrade,
Thus to meet once more is joy.—

Varick. Allow me,
Commandant, to present a worthy soldier.

Lamb. Of whom I oft have heard, but ne'er was favor'd
Thus, to meet till now.

Tall. Count me unfortunate;
But to the duty which I now perform, [ful
Tho' late, believe th' acquaintance gives most grate-
Pleasure. [*gives him despatches.*

Lamb. Gentlemen, without apology
I will retire, while you hold company;
This seal'd despatch, perhaps, requires some note
Of instant scrutiny and prompt reply. [*exit.*

Varick. And comrade! now, while here my watch and give
To earnest curiosity the import
Of all the tidings of the current news,
Which public movements, or our private friends
Involve; and such as have not reach'd us here.

Tall. Rumor is freely rife, but not official,
That i' the South some sad discomfiture
Has met our arms.

Varick. Who there has been defeated?

Tall. The story runs, that Gates, with but nine hundred
Regulars, and such quick-gather'd bands
Of patriots, brave but undisciplin'd,
As hurri'd from their ploughshares and their homes,
In vain resisted the o'erwhelming might.

Varick. Perchance 'twere not so bad; indulge a hope:
Ne'er carve despair upon a freeman's heart.
Set forth the rest, as mottled destiny
Shakes out her budget on our bleeding land.

Tall. Here, in the North, our Washington, alone
And unsupported by the pow'rs that be,
Has boldly met our allies, with assurance
That all engagements made shall be fulfill'd.
Alone, for all have shrunk, e'en Congress, hardly
Numb'ring twenty-one, stands almost pow'rless;
He is the war, cool, calm and undespairing,
And like a mighty beacon 'mid the waves
Of revolution, lights us thro' the storm.

Varick. And the army?
Tall. The army and their chief
Are one, firm as these rocks tho' suffering;
Subsisting on the coarsest food, barefooted,
Their clothes in tatter'd shreds, with Valley Forge
And all its wint'ry horrors deep impress'd
Upon their memory, and the same prospect
In these wilds, these heroes still remain unmov'd;
Devoted to their country's cause; no shock
Can shake a freeman's soul!
Varick. What else?
Tall. That Arnold will command these posts.
Varick. What Arnold! the gallant Arnold?
Tall. The same.
He sought the situation long, but yet
Indirectly, and thus was scarcely deem'd
In such an application earnest—indeed
'Twas hard for Washington to comprehend
That such a spirit fiery and fearless,
That rioted upon the carnaged field,
And madden'd with the glorious conflict,
Would e'er sit tamely down and hold within
These battlemented walls, in garrison,
The dull monotony of sober duty.
Varick. 'Tis strange, indeed!
Tall. But yet most truly so;
For when of late our host the Hudson pass'd,
Arnold appear'd in camp, and there was proffer'd
In command the left wing of our army.
This he declin'd, alleging that his wound
Had long disabl'd him from active duty.
Again he pli'd his quest as suitable
To his condition. Washington at length
Convinc'd of his sincerity in urging
Thus his claims, or won by importunity,
Acceded to his warm desires, and nam'd
Him Commandant of all these mountain holds.
Varick. 'Twas well bestow'd.
Tall. An honorable post.
Varick. And one where he can rest his shatter'd limbs.
I know his suff'rings, for I was with him
On the field of blood-stain'd Saratoga,
Where 'midst the battle's fierce and deadly rage,
The rattling musquetry and deep-ton'd cannon,

The shout of combatants and trumpet clang,
He led his countrymen; and was seen breaking
Thro' the cloudy smoke that densely shrouded
The close lines, and cheering on with sword aloft,
He reckless dash'd amidst the enemy.

Tall. 'Tis thus the story of his valor runs.

Varick. His horse was soon kill'd under him, and he
Laid wounded, as before, in Canada.

Tall. There can I certify the history,
For I was of that band whom Arnold led,
Like Hannibal, thro' a rude wilderness;
In those lone solitudes where time had spent
Its hermit hours! we wended, toiling on
Thro' mountain-pass, o'er the rough waste, or down
Some cataract-encumber'd stream, floating
Perilous, deep freighted in our bark canoes.

Varick. Daring enterprize!

Tall. Still held we on, unaw'd,
Though press'd by hunger, and thro' wet and cold,
And all those dark vicissitudes that martyr
Up existence, till we stood in threat'ning
Attitude before the walls of proud Quebec!

Varick. And in the assault?

Tall. I was with Morgan,
And by that hero led 'mid all the inclement
Fury of a December storm, that shed
Its drifting snows; we penetrate the town.
When in the full career of victory,
News flies that Arnold had been carried wounded,
From the field, and Montgomery had fallen;
His patriotic blood had thus pour'd out
The crimson record of its worth upon
The pure white mantle which the heav'ns had laid
On earth!

Varick. Unfortunate!

Tall. We must retreat.
Yet it was full of admiration, when,
With iron resolution, Arnold, though
Borne down with suffering, despite of pangs—
Despite of dreary distance from his home,
Despite the rigors of an arctic winter,
Still dar'd, with some few hungry suff'ring men,
To hold his leaguer round the hostile town.

Varick. And that, too, as I have heard, with the dread

Pestilence raging thro' his camp—folding
Within its loathsome clasp, the victims who
Were spared in vain, the battle's nobler death.
Tall. 'Twas so. Oh! Varick, oft when I have held
My watch thro' those long northern nights, and gaz'd
Upon the frost bright stars, and dream'd of all
That they had seen in by-gone ages, thought
Forced the contrast, how once fair Italy
Had lur'd the Carthagenian, with its
Clustering vines and gold hued fields, to dare
The Alpine heights; but no attractions urged
Our leader on; naught but his stern resolve;
He had no vista but the leafless woods,
Where the wild winds moan'd, and one wide wintry
Desolation, where the gaunt wolves howl'd alone.
But his soul was like the granite of his
Native hills so firm; while thro' the low'ring
Gloom, hope only kept a fitful spectre
Dance, like th' aurora borealis gleam!
Var. Brave to temerity, as we have seen
When first we met on Lake Champlain; 'twas there,
Tall. At Valcours Isle—
Var. He met the hostile fleet—
With half their force, but bade those inland billows
Bear his country's flag with glory wreath'd; and
Sent her sov'reign voice in the loud roar of
Cannon echoing thro' the woods and hills.
Tall. Was ever brighter valor, as he fought
That day, or more success when silently
At night he pass'd the enemy, eluding
All his vigilance.
Var. Grant you not 'twas still
More glorious, when on th' ensuing day
He was o'ertaken by the enemy,
And in his crippled galley combatted
For hours against their overwhelming might
Most desperately, until surrounded
By seven large sail, he fiercely broke away,
Stranded his craft upon the shelving shore,
Wrapped her in flames, with colors waving still,
And was the last to leave her deck and 'scape
The jeopardy?
Tall. Oh, glorious Arnold!

Var. Hail to the hero!
Tall. Arnold and Liberty!
[*A firing is heard.*]
Var. Ha! some affair of the outposts, I must—
See to it; so, for a while, adieu!
Tall. And
As the Commandant here comes, I will arrange
With him my personal.
[*Exit Varick.*]

Re-enter Col. Lamb.

Lamb. These despatches
Apprise me fully of the late appointment;
For General Arnold all shall be prepar'd:
Meanwhile, good major, you must be aweary
Of your travel and the night, so enter—
And partake a soldier's fare.
[*Exit Tallmadge.*]

Re-enter Varick with soldiers bringing in a prisoner.

Var. Bear him here!
This man, good Commandant, with others arm'd
Was passing the defiles, and to the challenge
Of our keen patrol refus'd all answer;
Made fierce resistance; they were soon dispers'd;
The rest were fleet of foot, and he alone
Was captur'd.
Lamb. And who art thou?
Pris. Your pris'ner.
Lamb. That is evasive.
Pris. Well, then, one in arms,
Who loves his king, and thro' his king his country.
Lamb. And as I deem'd, a tory and a traitor.
Pris. What then?
Lamb. Prepare to meet your true deserts.
Pris. Remember, blood for blood! if on this head
Your hatred falls, the daring Moody will
Avenge the act by tenfold retribution.
Lamb. Ha! you are of that gang,—led by a wretch!
Which long in stealth, has rang'd these mountain lands,
And by its acts of ruthless cruelty
Has gain'd a foul and infamous distinction.
How number you?

Pris. Enough for stirring action!
Lamb. Then there shall be one less; but not to-night.
Your doom shall be deferr'd till future day,
And till the will of our new coming chief
Shall speak upon the matter;—now, away!
Pris. Hear me once more!
Lamb. Away with him—down where
Those deep and cavern'd vaults are, from the rock
On which this frowning fortress stands, hewn out.
[*Curtain falls.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

HEIGHTS ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE RIVER ABOVE ARNOLD'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

Enter Arnold.

Arn. The pomp of my reception pass'd, I haste
To seek these cliffs and their lone solitudes;
To brood upon my wrongs, and meditate
The mighty compensation, which I mean
To vengeful take for their accumulation.
Here, let me gloat my avaricious eyes
Upon the object of their long desires;
'Tis that which I have sought so serpent-wise
Winding around each obstacle, until
My coil is here; the light indeed is holy,
Even when it gleams in hell, and throws its
Lurid glare upon a demon's revels;
But 'tis holier when it clearly shows
Your foeman's warm and palpitating heart
Denuded to the thirsting knife! So I

Do here behold the vital spot, that I
Will stab;—I am not mad—though madness come
From such deep harrowing injuries as
Mine. I am not mad, though mad'ning to endure,
Each day and thro' the long and sleepless night
The anguish of these wounds that manacle
Existence. To have my hard earn'd honors
Grudgingly dealt out, and those most oft postpon'd
While some poor truckling sycophant was serv'd;
To lavish all my substance on the war,
And then to be denied my true accounts,
Till poverty look'd ghastly at me. All
This were to be borne; but after fondness
Such as I have shewn my country, and all
That prodigal expenditure of time,
Of health, and blood, and life extremely risk'd,
To be disgrac'd; to have my honor as
A soldier marr'd; and oh! shall I name it?
To be branded by a public reprimand!
Sear'd with the marking iron! till the brain,
Fired with the inextinguishable flame,
Writhes with the torture!—There is a sorrow
Of the heart, when tears will flow and quench, but,
There is a sorrow also of the brain
That has no tears; it petrifies! If this
Brings madness, such is mine. Henceforth I have
No country! Hear me, ye fiends! if there are
Fiends in air, while to your element I
Breathe my curse! that ye may bear it upward
To the fatal stars, or write its register
Among the darkest depths of hell: I curse
My country! and as I have rais'd her up—
I'll hurl her down, devote her to my vengeance,
And black though the treason be, will render
Up this fortress, and shake her to the centre
By the shock—like that convulsion which once
Rent these rocks, and gave the chafing waters
Vent; and may my subtle spirit want no
Aid, while in this, my project, I shall steal
With muffled step upon my slumbering foe:
The horrid Crotalus gives warning ere
He strikes the poison'd fang—but I would strike
Before I warn!

Enter Madame Arnold.

My wife! what would'st thou, gentle
One?

Md. A. To lure thee, Arnold, from that moody
Mind, to which, of late, I find you darkly
Prone.

Arn. Canst thou redress my wrongs?

Md. A. I know those
Wrongs, perhaps beyond redress, but deep and
Poignant as they are, a woman's solace
I would yet supply.

Arn. 'Tis vain; within this
Breast reigns chaos darker than the primeval:
Anguish, doubt, despair from desp'rate fortune,
Rage, with a deep embitter'd sense of wrong,
And that perplexity that comes when dire
Necessity cries here, and honor there;
The fiends are loose! 'Tis hell! what hell is equal
To the hell of mind!

Md. A. How dreadful do you
Speak, and with enigma. Still would I pierce
That gloom, and with the torch of love and deep
Devotion, bring comfort to your bosom.

Arn. Forgive me! Th' abyss, when I look there, seems
So unfathomable, I would not lead
You to its verge; but thou more bold, and like
The angel nam'd in the Apocalypse,
Would explore the bottomless pit—

Md. A. And drag
The object of my fond affection thence.
Be then, thyself—though mountain-rough thy road
Has been in glory, Arnold, pursue it
Still; despite of enemies, march on, uphold
Your country, and thus vindicate your fame.

Arn. Thou would'st support the Revolution?

Md. A. Yes—
I!

Arn. Yet 'twas not always thus you thought?

Md. A. True!
For I was born of those who stand for high
Prerogative, for kingly privilege,
And the stability of olden order;
But then when I became a rebel's wife—

I took a rebel's sentiments, and follow
Faithful, right or wrong, my duty's dictates.

Arn. Sweet wife!

Md. A. Remember, too, while thus I speak,
That we have call'd, for weal or woe, a being
From eternity—and on the altar
Of our mutual love the heavenly
Spark, as when the prophet pray'd, has fallen;
And to our babe, heir of our life, our blood,
Our name, we shall consign a memory
To grace or else to mar his future fortune!

Arn. Forbear! I can no more, my feelings work
Too keen with these reflections. Pray now change
The subject, gentle wife; when heard you last
From Andre?

Md. A. From Andre?

Arn. Ay, the English
Andre, whom first you knew when Britain's force
Held occupation in your native town.

Md. A. Just so—well, not of late; you saw the last
Of that epistolary chat, which op'ning
Long before, yet since our marriage, has held
Way, with your most cordial approbation.

Arn. I would not bar thee in these troublous times
Of such a trifling recreation; he
Seems ingenuous too, and 'tis said, is
Most accomplish'd.

Md. A. Most truly so, but yet
Unhappy, from a blight where he had plac'd
His fondest hopes; he bears a palsied love!
And thus has left his home to follow arms,
And bury in their mad'ning strife his anguish.
He has a temper sweet, yet melancholy;
Is eloquent with pen and tongue; displays
An artist's graphic hand, and often breathes
A poet's strains, with graceful harmony!

Arn. A poet, said you? a poet, wife, is—
One that list'ning hears heav'ns wand'ring melodies,
And notes them as they glowing leave the seraph's
Lyre! There are few poets!

Md. A. True, true, most true;
We'll rate him, then, but not so high, perhaps
Not genius, yet he shines most talented
A gentleman.

Arn. And you will write him soon?
Md. A. With your consent?
Arn. Most certainly, and give
A loose to fancy midst this scenery.
Md. A. Oh yes, for here is food for thought and feeling
Amid this wild sublimity; for nature
Here, with voice of varying tones, wakes oft
Mysterious echoes in the human
Soul.
Arn. And as a soldier he would ask still
More than these poetic dreams, some knowledge
Of our movements, views and strength; write all, and
Freely, too, for we have nought to fear, perhaps
Thereby the more to gain.
Md. A. Since thus you say,
My letter shall be ample in detail;
'Twill serve to while the leisure hour, and as
My lines progress, you shall peruse, and kindly
Then suggest fresh thought to aid me further.
Arn. So speed you, and farewell, awhile.
[*Exit Madame Arnold.*
And I
Will add, fond wife, such postscript of my own
As will unravel all that shrouds Gustavus;
'Tis by that name that I have made advances
To the enemy; and yet at times this
Dark intrigue weighs heavy on me. Does she
Suspect? I tried to read it in her eyes!
Her language cut me sore. Yet to that wife
I dare not ought reveal; she is too noble—
There are thoughts at which when whisper'd to ourselves
We blush; while in the pure, unsullied mirror
Of her soul, my hideous spectre startles
Me! Yet I must on, tho' dark before, glooms
Cluster, with a thousand threat'ning forms behind;
Lash on thy buckler, soul! no dread! but dare!—
Who comes?

Enter Varick.

Var. An officer.
Arn. What then, would'st thou?
Var. The drafts, my chief, of late detach'd, are now

Returning from the army to this post,
In their disposal will you please direct?

Arn. Canton them well dispers'd among the hills;
Naught now makes apprehension; thus give them
Room, lest they too closely clog the garrison.

Var. Your orders, Sir, shall be obeyed. So farther
Let me ask your pleasure with a pris'ner,
Taken among the gorges, the night last
Gone, in arms.

Arn. What account then renders he?

Var. A bold one, and avows, without disguise,
A most devoted toryism.

Arn. Indeed!

Var. His flagrant acts, by a most audacious
Tongue are only equall'd. He was reserv'd,
If with your pleasure it should be consonant,
To make a strong example of.

Arn. And he
Is guarded where?

Var. He was consign'd for double
Safety to the rock scoop'd vaults, that excavate
The fortress.

Arn. There will I visit him, when
Night shall shroud its hours, to gain intelligence,
Perhaps, most useful to our cause. The time
And mode will save us from all babbling talk;
And solitude will jointly work to soften
Him to pliancy. This day our army,
Too, will pass the Hudson, and resume its
Former post, upon the western bank. Thus
Will its business claim our first attention:
You, therefore, will companion me to-night,
That I may to this pris'ner give his full
Investigation.

Var. I shall attend you.

[*Exit Varick.*

Arn. Indeed, most well, this fellow's fate shall hang
Upon a thread, and thus I'll bind him firmly
To my will; that he shall furnish gladly
Forth the ample means to further on this
Dark negotiation. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

PARAPET OF THE FORT AT STONY POINT.

Tallmadge and Varick.

Tall. Heard you the music, comrade?

Var. Aye, the deep
Rolling of the drums, and then at intervals
The horn, that marshals on the cavalry!

Tall. The troops approach—where is your General?

Var. Attendant on the Commander in Chief,
And I am here to pass communications.

Tall. There breaks the valiant vanguard on the sight!

Var. The pioneers—each rough with bearded face,
With axes on their shoulders slung, ready
To hew their way thro' all obstruction.—

Tall. That
Clattering tramp gives notice of the horse.

Var. Lee's
Cavalry!

Tall. A fiery troop from Southern
Lands.

Var. See how those gallant steeds give symptoms
Of their blood—the red-shot nostril, as if
It breath'd disdain—the eye, that asks for battle;
The hoof, that proudly beats the dust, and throws
Its clouds around its rider's warrior form.

Tall. Canst thou discern who marches next? 'tis clouded
From my view.

Var. 'Tis Knox and his artillery.

Tall. He of the stentor voice! methinks I hear
Him roaring his commands on that dark wintry
Night, when Washington, with desperate resolve,
At Trenton dar'd the icy flood, and crush'd
The Hessian in his sleep-wrapp'd lair. Who next?

Var. 'Tis Wayne and Pennsylvania! the daring
Band, that storm'd these rocks, and here of yore, revenged
The ruthless butchery that stained Paoli's
Fields.

Tall. I see, and as the column moves, there
Comes the immortal Stark! in combat harden'd;
He leads New England's gallant sons. The men
Who never idly waste their deathful lead.
So Bunker's Hill, with gory trophies strewn,
Or Bennington, the blood-dyed field can tell.

Var. 'Twere vain our praises to recount for all,
Where all have bravely done.
Tall. In truth the array
Is glorious! as the bright bayonetted
Ranks defile, one feels a nobler throb; their
Country hails those warrior sons, that bluntly
Bear the toils of war, not for ambition
Or its dark designs, but to securely
Found the freedom of this land, and thus transmit
Its blessings to the latest times.
Var. My eyes
Are wrapp'd upon that warlike train: look where
They wind amid the hills, mass follows mass;
Their arms refulgent with the setting sun;
Their plumes are dancing with the measur'd tread;
Their banners floating proudly on the breeze,
Till distance hides them, or the devious
Way.—
Tall. I restless wait the approach of Morgan
And his rifle corps.
Var. Abide the time, you
Know they close the rear.
Tall. Ay! as the column
Moves; but, in the fight he leads the way, and
From the wild blue mountains of Virginia, [rence
Whence those marksmen sprung, to dark St. Law-
And its northern floods, the foeman's bloody
Track has mark'd their fatal way.
Var. The army
Scarce will reach their final post ere break o'
Day.
Tall. Know you the points they then will there assume?
Var. At Orangetown canton'd, the left upon
The river's bank—'tis La Fayette's command—
The right thrown inland, which will thus secure
The passes to these mountain holds, ready
To move on instant warning east or west,
Or else below, as Greene, now named Commander,
Shall control.
Tall. Excuse me, comrade, but now
Farewell: those friends approach, for whom my eyes
Have long'd; I fly to greet them as they pass.
Var. So fare you well, for I must also urge
My chief to ride, else night upon our homeward
Way shall fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Cavern beneath the Fortress.—Prisoner alone.

Pris. Gloom wears the time apace. To be thus torn
From active life, and that so suddenly;
Doom'd thus to solitude; upon one's self
Turn'd in; to count the throbbings of the pulse;
To know no other world, but memory;
To feel the gnawing tediousness of slow
Delay; oh! this is death made sensitive;
This vault is but the tomb of hope, where it
Lies a beauteous corpse! Time is measur'd
To me by the drop, and as it falls, I
Shrink as if its touch were agony; my
Foes' malignity will fix my fate; yet
Will I die unflinching: for mercy pleads
In vain amidst these cruel civil feuds;
No triumph shall be drawn in that I've shewn
Myself a craven to my cause. Who comes?

Enter Arnold wrapped in a cloak.

Arn. A friend.
Pris. Who e'er thou art, why mock me thus?
Arn. I would befriend thee were thy tongue more cautious,
Or used it measure, where it will proclaim.
Pris. By this, wouldst thou imply thy presence when
My captors brought me in, yet know conviction
Ever bids me speak: silence were useless where
The act is known.
Arn. What palliative plea
Canst thou then urge, to shield these flagrant deeds
Of thine?
Pris. My conscience!
Arn. Hast thou in truth no
Deferential awe for that majority
That speaks a people's will? can it be wrong?
Pris. Must it be right, when brawling demagogues
Lead on the unthinking mass for their own
Selfish ends, and urge rebellion?
Arn. Can ought
Be more conducive to our country's good?
Pris. To have one tyrant, or a mob?

Arn. (*aside*) Ha! ha!
These sentiments are wedg'd with truth; hate tells
Me whence their echo comes!
Pris. That were a fiend's
Deep laugh! But use me as thou wilt, the more
I do defy thee. If thou hast stolen
Here to spy, or by examination
Probe me out, I will not balk thy cunning
Aim. Lo, thy task is easy done in this
My desperation.
Arn. That is the word, thy
Desperation! thou standest now with tott'ring
Feet upon a dizzy verge. Taken arm'd,
And that within our lines, with these avowals
On thy lips, thou wilt be hang'd for one or
All.
Pris. I know it.
Arn. Then would'st thou save thy life?
Pris. And how? For life is dear, and instinct urges
Its salvation.
Arn. He with whom thou speakest
Can sink or save thee.
Pris. Say; then, who art thou?
Arn. Arnold!
Pris. Arnold? a valorous name, and
One that carries weight within the rebels'
Ranks. What would'st thou?
Arn. This fortress I command;
My word knows no control; perform what I
Require, and I will save thee.
Pris. I take thy
Promise; and now name thy terms.
Arn. Our public
Service calls, with hostile posts, for frequent
Intercourse: communication with New York
Is now desir'd, that we may hold with secret
Friends intelligence of all such matters
Now transacted there; point, therefore, out some
Trusty messenger, that he may bring and
Bear despatches; whilst thou a pledge of his
Fidelity shall stand.
Pris. Nought but this dreadful
And close hedged emergency should force me
There.

Arn. Nay, no demur, 'tis there thy fate depends.
I will defer from time to time thy case,
And if my will is done, thou shalt escape.
Pris. List then to me;—not far from hence the road
Along, that westward wends, high in the gorge
There dwelleth one, whom, gray with years, they call
"The Old Man of the Mountain"—time lights him
With a dim and flick'ring torch, but slowly,
To the grave. His rude log cabin—where he
Dwells alone—stands high upon the cliff, hung
O'er by forest trees; the fall of waters
From a neighb'ring brook speaks to the solitude,
And all night long his lamp, trimmed with a watchful
Care, gives out its gleam. You cannot miss your
Way.

[*Draws an inkhorn and paper from his pocket and writes,*

Take this, 'twill be thy talisman, and
Thus accomplish all thou would'st desire.
Arn. And
If I do, so sure art thou rewarded.
But for thy present and thy future weal
Keep well your counsel, and on the subject
Of my coming now, I task your silence.
Farewell.
Pris. Adieu.

[*Exit Arnold.*]

Thus do I pass from Death
To Hope. This man has power to save me—an
Only chance—so must I trust him; one ray
Of trembling light flits thro' this vault so hung
With gloom, as if the shadow of death's valley
Rested here. Yet this is life, and as its
Wheel goes round, we rise or fall; nor know when
Journey we too fast or slow: yet nature
Gives self-preservation as the law—though
Seemingly I act against my cause, thus
Gaining knowledge for my foe, yet the veil,
That limits all our views, hangs with a dark,
Impenetrable web, that baffles human
Speculation. Thus all may work to other
Ends; and with this hope I'll calmly hug content,
And leave the rest to Providence and time.

SCENE IV.

GORGE OF THE MOUNTAINS—LOG HUT.

Enter Old Man of the Mountain.

Old M. The night wanes on; the moon hath set; the very
Forest boughs seem full of sleep; here and there
A few discordant sounds break on the solemn
Quiet; the owl from yon wither'd hemlock
Hoots at the setting stars; and the green throated
Frog croaks from his grass-edged pool; all else is
Still; the night hawk sleeps among the loftiest
Branches; while the rattlesnake lies coil'd under
The poisonous ivy. Now is the time
To cull the healthful plants, when they are wet
With midnight dew, that gives them double virtue;
Such as the Ginseng, with its vermillion
Berry, that loves the deepest shade; and then
Wild Basil, that here flow'rs this month, and heals
The serpent's bite; and Seneka, that pictures
The wild dry woods with its rose-color'd leaves;
And Coltsfoot that grows beside; and Sweet Fern;
And the Wild Indigo with its yellow
Flowers. These can I seek now unmolested,
And pass unquestion'd by the fierce marauders,
That oft now traverse these lone glens; for these
Are troubled times, wherein the conflict is
For Liberty or Loyalty; mad are
The combatants: thus does the race accurs'd
Drive ever blindly on, but fast or slow,
They find at length, thank God! the grave, the hostel
Of democracy! A blight once drove me
From the world; I sought these wilds, a shelt'ring
Solitude from men and men's affairs; but
Fate has in the vortex thrown me once again;
Events have thicken'd uncontrolable;
So I have play'd my part full gently; humor'd
Their follies; indifferent, or rather
Pleas'd to see this mutual immolation;
I stand a neutral, inwardly sneering,
And thus hold all their clues. But who comes here?

Enter Arnold, muffled in a Cloak.

Ho! wanderer!

Arn. Well met, good father, canst
Tell me ought of him they call the Old Man
Of the Mountain?

OldM. 'Tis I that thus am sometimes
Known; what brings thee here?

Arn. To ask a favor.

OldM. 'Tis at a darkling hour.

Arn. Why so?

OldM. Seest thou
Yon strip of cloud, that like a scroll of blackness,
Wraps with slow advance that fiery star?

Arn. I
Do.

OldM. That star is Aldebaron.

Arn. I know
Him well. For I, like all who sail, have often
Watch'd him on the stormy deep; what then?

OldM. Him
Follow close the three mysterious kings
That shine in belted Orion. Their look
Is sparkling and contentious; so the fate
Of what thou now would'st undertake, must hang
Upon an adverse three; for thus the aspect
Of the heavens was spread, when first I saw thee.

Arn. Dost thou believe, old man, this idle reading
Of the stars? or would'st thou, by this mystic
Divination, shroud thyself to vulgar
Eyes, with supernatural awe?

OldM. 'Tis not
The stars, or what they ever work with secret
Influence, tho' 't may be for aught we know,
Sages have sanction'd this belief far back
In hoar antiquity—but, beyond all
This, there often comes a deep foreboding
In the human soul, call'd out by these strange
Junctions in the outer world. These speak, as
'Twere, with dark prophetic force, and picture
What the future hour portends.

Arn. Know then! there
Stands, old man, a spirit now before thee,

That though at times depress'd, and trodden down
With wrong or care, or sicken'd by some dark
And atrabilious flow; yet, when it feels
Itself again as now, in all the vigor
Of its innate power, its own immortal
Essence strong—grasps fortune with an iron
Will, and dares defy both heav'n and hell!

OldM. Since
Thus thou rashly fling'st at fate, distinctly
Speak what thou desire.

Arn. Then tell thy bent; art
Thou for Freedom, or the Royal cause? We
Are but man to man, respond then freely,
For thou need'st not fear.

OldM. That will I, for I
Know no cause; I own no master; no pilgrim,
'Twixt the womb and grave, was ever free.

Arn. If
Thus thou bafflest all attempt at candor,
I'll try what charm this paper holds with thee.
[*Gives paper to the old man, who goes to the light in his cottage window, and returns.*

OldM. "Ha! his life in peril! if in thy power,
Obey implicitly the bearer's will;"
(*aside*) He sav'd my life with hazard of his own.
(*to Ar.*) I am thy slave; command, it shall be done;
And by the doing, shown, that gratitude
Still blooms within this wither'd heart of mine.

Arn. Then bear this package to New York. There place
It in the post: thro' the same channel wait
Answers for Gustavus: I will be here
Upon the due return. His life, whom thou
Wouldst save, hangs on thy faithful execution.
[*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, IN NEW YORK HARBOR.

Enter Andre, walking on the Rampart of the Fort.

And. 'Tis a fair eve: yon sky is glowing clear
With amber light; and a few crimson clouds
Still hover where the sun has set; the breeze
Comes freshen'd from the crimpl'd waters; the wide
Expanded bay around the wooded shores
Looks dark and shadowy; e'en the spire-mark'd
City feels this twilight calm. 'Tis only
Here and there some gliding bark shows its white
Sail; in the midway air the seagull floats
Upon its tireless wing—the lone wild hunter
Of the crested deep! 'Tis soothing truly
Thus, the day's rough passage o'er, to saunter
Here; and may the coming night bring sweet repose!
For in the past I was annoy'd with gloom-dy'd
Dreams—wherein I wandered midst wild mountain
Scenes—rough with their dark defiles and cragged
Cliffs; and as I roam'd, there met me one—such
As poets paint the demon—the blended
Form of man and devil; his greeting first
Had been a smile, but it aborted as
A sneer; and he would lead me on, but then
There rose a voice as mournful as the wind
That leads the winter storm—it murmur'd wo!
And then a second, and a third, as 'twere
A dying wail, reiterated wo!
And then, methought, there came three phantoms, dress'd
As 'twere in shrouds, and seiz'd me; and they cried
"We'll bear thee to the spirit-land," thereupon
The demon yell'd as from despair, and fled;
And as I upward look'd, three raven birds,
Huge as the Condor, hover'd over us,

Slowly flapping their sable pinions, while
Their eyes, so gory red, look'd down; and as
The scowling clouds chas'd on their scud, all grew
Dark and icy cold; I awoke trembling
With horror, and with clammy sweat bedew'd.
Strange,'twas three! three voices! three phantoms! and
Three birds! In classic lore the fates are number'd
Three! Clotho holds the distaff, Lachesis
Spins out the thread, which Atropos, with fatal
Shears, clips off. Yes, 'twas a fever'd dream; and
Does it aught portend? In this mysterious
Life, is that intelligence within us
So subtly link'd with the invisible,
That visible becomes, and pictures out
The future to the mind, when slumber bars
It from the outer world? and was it thus,
That they of ages past, the olden seers,
And those that spoke prophetic, told of things
To come? Do whispering spirits thus reveal
The secrets of our plotting fate? and give
From out th' unravell'd womb of coming time
Dark intimation of the fatal germ
That ripens in its folds. But hence, ye thoughts
That dally with despair; I am a soldier!
Bound where duty calls to meet, unflinching,
Ev'ry blow that destiny may deal: thus
Shake I off this gloom, resolv'd to breathe this
Hour that sheds its hallow'd calm. The past is
Gone, or lost! the present, as it glides, seems
Hardly sure, unless we deeply feel, and
Seize the pleasures it may strew. But lo! here
Comes Sir Henry.

Enter Sir Henry.

Clin. My friend, accept my greeting!
And. And mine to you, my chief.
Clin. Knowing your wont
To walk the ramparts as the evening falls,
I sought you here, that we may thus commune
Alone.
And. What weighty circumstance, Sir Henry,
Calls for that attention you would now bestow?
Clin. The secret correspondence.
And. That, indeed!

Clin. Ay, Andre. I have been for some time past
In deep conjecture lost, to know who wrote
Unasked, unpaid, and from the Rebel ranks,
Gratuitously thus gave information
Of such deep import.

And. And whom would you suspect?

Clin. Maturely weigh'd, and by comparison
Of varied facts, the fast conclusion comes,
That it must be some officer of highest
Rank; and of that rank, none could I designate
With greater probability than Arnold!

And. Than Arnold, say you? with such conjecture
I accord; none other can it be than
Arnold.

Clin. The same; who more than he has cause
To curse th' injustice done his hardy service?
Who in promotion been so long delay'd?
Who mark'd with more disgrace by reprimand?
Besides ,the bias that his marriage blends
With his dissatisfaction.

And. Convincing
Proofs, and I could furnish more. I knew his
Lovely lady well before her marriage,
While the royal host was qnarter'd in her
Native town. Since then, she oft has honor'd
Me with such communicated news, as
Constitute the incidents of social
Friends; and in her letters oft, some other
Hand has here and there inserted hints, that
Rhyme most strangely with this same unknown; but
Further expose, where a lady wrote, you'll
Not require.

Clin. That courtesy forbids; and
Thus, my friend, tho' I ere this had fix'd my
Mind; yet Arnold sentenc'd by a martial
Court, seem'd thrown degraded from employ; 'twas
Little worth to court him then. But now there
Comes a change; he holds West Point; and so 'twill
Give a magnitude to this affair. For
By a recent and most plain despatch, which
Thou canst read, Gustavus, as he signs, agrees
To render up himself in such a mode,
As shall confer direct the best advantage
On our Sovereign's arms.

And. With these proposals
Will you close?

Clin. When all is sure; tread not too
Fast: the mode must first be fix'd; its terms defin'd.
In using traitors, guard from treachery,
Lest while we plot, there should be counterplot,
And sad disaster foil our hop'd advantage.
In short, we must, by interview, be certain
Of our man; and from conjecture, pass secure
To confirmation. With this unknown we
Long have play'd in mask, let now his features
Be reveal'd.

And. And whom, Sir Henry, will you
Then depute to execute so delicate
A task?

Clin. I had, indeed, propos'd another,
To the purpose suited well, but now engross'd
With other cares; and therefore have resolv'd,
My friend, to place this business in your
Hands. I know your talents in affairs; indeed,
Gustavus, by his letter, so requires,
As you will see; my special confidence
Is thus distinctly shown.

And. In truth, 'tis so,
My well lov'd chief, and thus I own, what you
Desire is my command; I owe you all;
For thou hast shed the almost only ray
That e'er has warm'd my clouded life. Thy fost'ring
Care has rais'd me up, and over duty
Due my king, I render him that acts my
Father.

Clin. I love thee, Andre, as a son.
But now a truce; let's use despatch: for see
This enterprize may end the war; its deep
Importance grows with ev'ry hour: should fortune
Smile upon the part you bear, thy Sovereign's
Favor will most freely flow, and glory
Wreathe its laurel on thy brow.

And. My chief, direct,
I Pant to execute your slightest will;
This heart once knew a hopeless love, but now
Ambition of the purer kind throbs there:
And I, at thy command, could mount the bastion'd
Rampart, to carry victory, with sword

In hand, among the fierce and thronging foe,
Though Death stood in reserve, with all his spectral
Band!

Clin. I cannot doubt your ardent zeal, but
Would commend you caution; 'tis not that vein
Of gallantry, that fits the open field,
That you will now require, but the address
That winds its way through each intrigue; that loiters
Now, and now strides boldly on, until each
Obstacle be fairly pass'd, and ev'ry
Object of its views be won.

And. Instruct me
Then, and I will thus obey, that not one
Letter fail: and though dissimulation
Be to me so strange, yet shall my nature,
Tutor'd to the part, act well the cunning
Drift that it must play.

Clin. So, then, we'll now away.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

FRONT OF SMITH'S HOUSE, NEAR THE HUDSON RIVER.

Enter Arnold and Smith on the Piazza, conversing.

Arn. This French alliance now revolts my soul.
Smith. Why comes it thus repugnant to your views?
Arn. Because it binds us to our ancient and
Most crafty foe; that foe so deadly hostile
To our faith, in whom 'tis mockery or
Deep laid fraud to fight for Liberty, when
All her sons, themselves, are held as feudal
Slaves.

Smith. What then are her designs?
Arn. To sever
Britain's Empire; and by dependence chain
Us to herself.

Smith. Will no advantage spring
From this ally?

Arn. None, save to those the upstart
Few that lead our councils; and for the purpose

Of their own designs, hoodwink the people.
We took up arms to vindicate our rights,
But not to sunder all allegiance
To the crown—then independence was declar'd;
In that, though premature, I did concur;
Tho' 'twas the work of these same upstart few.
No vote submitted to the nation's will;
From step to step they rashly urg'd us on;
At last they flung us in a tyrant's arms.

Smith. Indeed, I feel the reason strong in what
You say.

Arn. Truth carries in itself its point;
I speak thus freely from my love and hate,
That to my country, this to those who drag
Her down.

Smith. Be guarded, General, your int'rest
Calls for caution. These men have gall'd you.

Arn. I
Will not fear, and do defy them; my zeal
They cannot quench; my sword will always hew
Its way. Among the masses, there are those
Who ever will do justice. Yes, here am
I, with shatter'd limbs, the remnant of rough
Service; the persecuted; one kept back
And pinion'd down; I! that within my mighty
Grasp had held this Continent, and travers'd
It with giant steps, and carried victory
Through pathless woods and mountain wilds; and
ferried
Its colossal floods, from where the arctic
Snows lie in eternal winter, to soft
Savannahs blooming with an endless spring;
But no, this free unfetter'd range found no
Approval with my masters; and measur'd
I must be by pigmy scales, and cropp'd in
My dimensions.

[*Sound of a distant bell.*]
But hark that bell!

Smith. It peals
At nine the curfew.

Arn. A good old custom;
And it brings to mind the time of innocence
And youth, ere fierce ambition, with its haggard
Train, had thrown its fitful gleam of lurid

Light upon our thorny way; the quiet
Hamlet where I liv'd, with all its rustic
Scenes, stands clear before me, as ev'ning hush'd
With noiseless step stole down the blushing sky
As to the bosom of a bride! But now
The hours wax late. Remember still to show
Thy zeal for our good cause.

Smith. As I have ever
Done.

Arn. For which thou hast my commendation,
As of my predecessor. Thy social
Rank and wide acquaintance with both high and
Low; thy close proximity to border
Lines, in this secluded spot, thus margin'd
On the Hudson's bank, gives thee good scope and
Sure, for quick intelligence. Thy care then
Show.

Smith. So count on my alertness.

Arn. Hark ye!
Good Smith; of late from this thy domicile,
Thou hast observ'd the frequent passage to
And fro, across the bay, of flags of truce.
From frequent hints thou wouldst enquire their
purport;
And now I will explain thee. That Robinson,
Whom well you know, and at whose mansion, forfeit
Now to public use, I hold head-quarters;
This man, by confiscation, lost his whole
Estate, and now would offer terms to manage
Restitution. Those flags his letters brought
Of such an import; to which—the immediate
Business—was subjoin'd, that Robinson
Had power to tender such preliminary
Terms, as 'twixt our country and the British
Court 'twas hop'd would work accommodation:
He now delays on board the Vulture, and
Thence, solicits through another flag, but
Recently received, an interview, that
He may freely there explain, which, when agreed,
Will terminate this bloody contest. Thus
On this point your sentiments are mine, 'tis
An event we cordially both wish for;
Give then your aid to carry out the plan,
And so advance your country's welfare.

Smith. Count
On my aid most cheerfully bestow'd, I
Deeply rate, and would promote this object's
Meeting.
Arn. I deem'd it so: be then prepar'd
To bear a flag, we'll pass it in the night.
Smith. This were not precedented.
Arn. Yet heeds it
Not, since all will properly be understood
On board the Vulture; moreover, to thy
Better sense 'twill obvious run, that 'twere
A matter not to be promulg'd at present
Time, till better known, among the people.
Smith. So be it well, you have my promise: I
Will go.
Arn. But should th' affair be trammell'd aught
With dull protraction, our guest must have, and
We provide for his accommodation.
Smith. As where?
Arn. In this, thy house.
Smith. My family!
Will not their presence then prevent?
Arn. Remove
Thy family, by visits to their friends,
And such domestics, from whose wagging tongues,
We may feel apprehension. Dost thou accord?
Smith. If so thy will.
Arn. This then accomplish'd, stand
Prepar'd to bring the stranger here.
Smith. Whence come
The means?
Arn. By my procurement—provide you
Rowers for a boat; I shall supply each
Needful countersign and pass, that you this
Robinson may bring on shore; or as he
Intimates, were he detain'd, his friend, one
Anderson, who for this conference is
Well instructed. Have all in readiness.—
Smith. For when?
Arn. By this to-morrow's night; or if
Aught fail, by that succeeding.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

GOVERNOR'S ISLAND.

Enter Clinton and Andre walking on the Ramparts.

Clin. I had despatch'd, you know, the Vulture, sloop
Of war, with Robinson on board, as high
As Teller's Point, that with the shore an easy
Intercourse might thus be made: he, on pretence
Of making claim for properties of his,
Alleg'd as forfeited by rebel law,
Had held, as we agreed, a correspondence
On the point with Arnold; thus had we not
Unreasonably suppos'd a meeting
Might occur, at which our absolute design
Could be adjusted; but this is thwarted
By the higher powers: for now these letters
Are at hand, with like details from Arnold.
The first was but an outerfold, but those
Within more secretly convey that, pending
The morrow's night, he shall despatch on board
The Vulture, or to the ferry there below,
A messenger, whose secrecy and honor
Are assur'd, with flag of truce.

nd. And may I
Then, Sir Henry, my attempt once more renew,
To bring about this interview? For though
Our guard-boats, not forewarn'd, fir'd on th' approaching
Arnold, as he came to meet my former
Visit, and thus did baffle what was well
Begun; yet may we now with more precaution
Doubtless hope for more success.

lin. In truth, dear
Andre, yet not willingly would I impose
This matter on your charge again; yet you
Have ask'd, and I comply: 'tis so momentous
To the Royal cause, that nothing on our
Part must rest undone. All is arrang'd, when
This ovation shall be hatch'd, the final
Blow to strike. The force prepar'd, Knyphausen
Will command, and gallant Rodney every

Naval aid supply; go then, my friend, and
Let the morrow's sun throw bright and early
Beams upon your journey's way.

And. This further
Confidence calls on my part for further
Zeal; and I will strain each venturous nerve
To make the purpose of our project tell.

Clin. But yet be cautious how your conduct sway
This perilous affair: use no disguise,
As Arnold's letters prompt, nor enter yet
The hostile lines; nor take, or on your person
Bear, aught that can in written form betray;
Nor place yourself by acting thus, I strictly
Charge, within the grasp inexorable
Of martial law.

And. I shall, most worthy Sir,
Use caution, and though my zeal may urge me
Onward in my Sovereign's cause, yet shall it
Not o'erstep the bound prescrib'd by prudence.

Clin. Oh, Andre, fare thee well! But when I link
[*aside*] Thy fair and youthful brow, so full of promise
And of hope, with this most dark and deep design,
I feel a very sorrow in the sound,
That mournful breathes the fearful word farewell!

[*Exeunt*

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

NIGHT. THE CLOVE NEAR HAVERSTRAW. BANK OF THE HUDSON. DARK THICKETS AMID FOREST TREES.

Arnold Pacing to and fro.

Arn. There goes the melancholy moon! and as
Its last and ling'ring beam sinks down, the darkness
Reigns alone. Ha! this were the very spot
To talk of treason! so black and wild as
If the hags of night here held their conclave.
Come, haste, thou twin concoctor! we will breathe
It low; lest the list'ning toad should hear and
Deem it foul: now 'mid these bush-grown woods, whose
Hoarded gloom will shroud each blush of shame; here
Will we whisper in the conscience-quiv'ring
Ear our plan; and meet like gliding ghosts amid
The shades so faintly visible, but busy
With mysterious communication!—
Why comes he not? I wish it were, and yet
I wish it were not o'er—this interview.
'Tis thus some passion goads us in the chase,
But when run down, we pause upon our point
Attain'd, from blunted zeal, or disappointed
Hope, or dread. I would not see my purchaser,
Who buys me as a slave, and curls his lip
Contemptuous as he pays me gold. No!
My face ne'er crimson'd at the sight of man;
But now I feel the tingling blood burn sharp
The heated cheek! Come, then, thou friendly night,
Fold me in thy murkiest gloom, deep as
Th' infernal shades, that wrapp'd the fiend when first
From heav'n, his foot revolting, trod the halls
Of hell! For me there's no retrace, I still
Must onward, though it lead to ruin: ay!
To ruin, on whose brink I oft have trod,

As tho' its very Genius! and venturous
Gaz'd unruffled as it hurl'd destruction,
Like the mountain crater fierce volcanic
Fires! No, I must onward. Why comes he not?
The barge to freight him thence has to the Vulture
Long since pass'd, and should ere this return. But
Hark! the sound of oars falls on my sharpen'd
Sense. He comes! Cord up thy strings my heart—
renerv'd,
And be obedient to my sternest will!

Enter Andre.

Who comes?

And. A friend!—and thou?

Arn. 'Tis Arnold!

And. And
He who greets thee, Andre!

Arn. We meet in darkness
On a darker deed!

And. 'Twas thus thy will. But
Though we tread on neutral ground, yet am I
Here on thy assurance safe?

Arn. Thou hast my
Pledge; the secrecy now us'd should so confirm
Thee. But com'st thou arm'd in this affair, empow'rd
To make conclusion?

And. I thus am arm'd, and
Here despatch'd with ample delegation
By my superiors.—

Arn. Then let us haste
Ere light shall dawn, abating more preluding
Speech, to settle all our terms.

And. What would'st thou
Then demand?

Arn. Thou know'st our compact, which late
With names fictitiously assum'd, Gustavus
Has with Anderson arrang'd: this must be
Warranted.

And. All shall be fully recogniz'd
Accordant to thy will. Thy Gen'ral's rank
And payment of the gold, to the last penny
Of the thirty thousand pounds: thus art thou
Satisfied? Take, then, this bond, that ratifies,

Nor ope thy gates unless each mark and seal
Bear purport true.

Arn. Is Clinton then prepar'd
To strike?

And. His force is all embark'd, as if
Upon some distant expedition bound,
And at a moment's warning ripe to act;
They stand expectant that the signal come.

Arn. List then, we'll thus arrange: at your approach
I shall lead out my martial lines, as if
On purpose to repulse the foe; while there,
One side I then entangle, by design,
My troops amidst each ravines' winding way,
The passes on another left unwatch'd,
Will make th' assailants easy access find.
For more assurance, I have then disposed
Where no suspicion could incur, my force,
That all may weakly hold each post; and when
The summons of surrender comes, they have
But choice to yield or fall.

And. These are precautions
Well design'd. What more?

Arn. Thou know'st the massive
Chain, that now athwart the Hudson hung, clogs,
For defence, its navigable stream; I
Have from this detach'd a link, on pretence
Of repair; a fragile rope its place supplies;
Its rupture easy on the slightest shock;
Thus as your craft are mounting with the flood,
This late obstruction will no hindrance give.

And. But then in concert we must jointly move;
Have you revolv'd the means? if so, explain.

Arn. Ay, thus prepar'd, as you ascend the stream,
Fires on the tops of every eminence
At night illum'd, will signal your advance;
These must be answer'd by your booming guns;
Their numbers will your distance count: urge then
Your efforts as you forward move, for all
Is ready for your quick approach.

And. Thus promptest
Action should respond to what your wisdom
Has so well devis'd.

Arn. Ay, promptest action;
'Tis the word, the secret of success; no

Time must then be lost. Our Chief, in conference
With Rochambeau, is absent now, but will
Forthwith return, perhaps, some four days hence.
Then use dispatch, and let the consummation
Follow quick on what has been thus well begun.

And. I will away, and to the anxious Clinton
Bear the news of this our bargain seal'd, and
To his greedy ear retail the concert
Where our movements join. So then prepare your Men.

Arn. I will.

[*Exit Arnold.*

And. Thus far successful; yet I
Feel alone. This is the gloom of Tartarus;
And have I trod aright or wrong? My friends
Oppos'd, as I with heated resolution
Left the Vulture, lest at the pinch for proper
Urgence all had fail'd; 'twas so serene; and
As we cleav'd the clear transparent waters—
Wherein the stars were nestling far below,
As if they'd dropp'd from heav'n—the dipping oars
Threw round their scatter'd light; my three companions
Sat in sullen silence as we pull'd along;
And I am here: to superstitious dread
I am not prone; but yet my dream recurs;
Are these the three that bore me to the spirit
Land? I know not how it is: I do not
Fear; but yet my heart like lead feels heavy.
Is some misfortune near? I would I were
Away.

Re-enter Arnold.

What now? shall I depart?

Arn. The men
Refuse to go: the tide has turn'd; to go
And come they cannot ere the dawn would break,
Thus jeopardize their act; they too allege
Fatigue, and want of strength from recent sickness:
The ague's touch, that now recurs beneath
These nightful dews.

And. The tide indeed has turn'd!
Oh! but persuade the churls.

Arn. In vain I've urg'd

Them all, that this our mutual safety
Could suggest.
And. What then is to be done?
Arn. Find
You concealment till the morrow's night; we,
Provident, have fix'd the place: then follow
Me!
And. Alas! lead on!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ANOTHER PART OF THE WOOD. SENTINEL AT THE OUTPOST.

Enter Arnold and Andre.

Sent. Who comes?
Arn. A friend.
Sent. The countersign?
Arn. "The Congress."
Sent. Right, now pass.
And. (*aside*) *after passing sentinel.*
Ha! his voice sounds hollow, like
The wind that sweeps the cloister'd vault, as if
A warning from the tomb! I am within
Their lines! and thus by stealth. Oh, Clinton, friend,
Had I but held your counsel as my guide!
Which seem'd preconscious of some coming ill.
Arn. The night is on the wane! without delay
We'll to that shelter where you'll rest secure
Till better chances smooth your safe return.
And. Then be it so; I follow but your guide,
Or fast or slow obedient in your trace.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

MORNING. OUTSIDE OF SMITH'S HOUSE. VIEW OF THE RIVER. VULTURE IN THE DISTANCE, LYING AT ANCHOR OFF TELLER'S POINT.

Enter Smith.

Smith. The damps of this autumnal night have pierc'd
Me; the hours have mov'd as 'twere on lead'n wings;
My patience held account with grudging time,
As, at this interview, I play'd the humble
Watch; kept out from more participation.
Sure, after all the sacrifice I've made,
Some trustier treatment was deserv'd; I
Might claim, while knowing part, the confidence
Of knowing all: this, Arnold's rank had won
Me to his plans, perhaps his wheedling tongue.
At times I want his countenance; but when
Again I serve his ends, I'll fix my terms.
They must be here? The rowel'd horse has felt
Its rider mount with earnest haste, while we
Have plied a drowsy oar. I'll now within,
And, with the rosy beams of day, look on
The birth, which night, the murky hag with lab'ring
Throes, has from her womb cast out!

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

ROOM IN SMITH'S HOUSE. VULTURE SEEN THROUGH THE WINDOW, IN THE DISTANCE. ANDRE DRESSED IN A BRITISH UNIFORM, AND ARNOLD.

Enter Smith (*saluting, looking at Andre.*)

Smith Why thus attir'd? A soldier?—here on affairs
to Arn. Of civil quality?
Arn. (*draws Smith aside*) A borrow'd dress,
Put on from vanity, to give importance.
(*A cannonade is heard*)
What is the firing?
(*Smith springs to the window*)

Smith. Here, behold they fire
Upon the Vulture!
And. She seems envelop'd
In a flame! they will destroy her.
Arn. 'Tis but
The rapid blaze of the artillery,
That, from the vessel's sides, lets forth its vengeance
On the annoying shore.
And. Who there commands?
Arn. 'Tis Livingston, whose vigilance alarm'd,
Has loos'd his guns.
Smith. Ah! now she drops away,
Still further down, and thus eludes their shot.
And. This is vexatious for my quick return.
Arn. Be not alarm'd, she will resume, ere night,
Her former post.
Smith. What then? this past, in truth
'Twere perilous to board the craft again;
The watchful troops are now alert, with new
Activity the guard-boats throng; some fresh
Rencontre, at our next approach, may baffle
All our best endeavors.
Arn. Abide events:
Arrange it, gentlemen, as fits yourselves;
If deem'd too hazardous to ply your oars,
The route by land will lead, tho' longer journey'd,
To a safe return: for both contingencies
I shall provide, by passports aptly suited
In their varied terms.

[*Exit Smith.*

And. And you will not remain?
Arn. 'Twere needless now; I leave you here in trusty
Hands: I must away, my absence may produce
Enquiry. Here are the documents, which
I have penn'd; conceal them from all prying
Search; and should you take the pass by land, then
Change this soldier's dress, for as an officer
In British garb, you may be stay'd, and so
Encounter trouble.
And. The time will tedious
Drag till night.
Arn. No, for if 'tis well employ'd,
'Twere opportune to con with understanding
Ev'ry draft and plan; to fix your measures

And concert the action which you will adopt
Whene'er the crisis comes.

And. Before we part,
So may I of your lady ask; I oft
Recall the pleasing hours of former times,
That pass'd within her hospitable home.

Arn. For her receive my thanks.
You hold her high esteem; 'twas this induc'd
My confidence; my secret here is all
My own; be therefore on your guard, nor breathe
What of your rank or business shall aught
Betray; and may your course propitious run;
Thus shall we each the other soon behold.

And. To which, with cordial heart, I say Amen!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

HEIGHTS ABOVE ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

Enter Madame Arnold.

Md.A. Again he is away! I know his active
Nature: but why so oft away, when all
Is here repose? Sure what is to be done
He might depute; my mind misgives, his brow
Is wilted with anxiety; his eyes
Oft fixed in strange abstraction; the thoughts are
Wand'ring from their present cue; his look is
Altogether harsh and full of gloom; and
Then at night he startles in his sleep, as
Though from troubled dreams; voracious care sits
Like the carrion bird upon his fest'ring
Heart. Oh! God, I would I knew the balm fit
T' assuage a troubled soul. Can tenderness
Elicit what it is that weighs him down?
I'll bear it all; and if not all, divide
The burden, so it press less strong; from others
Ken he may disguise what thus corrosive
Works, but every shade reveals its subtlest
Hue beneath the scrutinizing glance that
Arms a wife.

Enter Arnold, embracing her.

Oh! Arnold, art thou here once
More! and wilt thou now remain? and feel'st thou
Well? you look so pale.

Arn. Yes, I am here! and
With thee; what dost thou fear, my gentle love?

Md.A. Naught when at thy side; come, let us farther
Stray, I'll listen to thy voice.

Arn. So mount this
Pathway to the upper cliffs.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

UPPER CLIFFS.

Enter Arnold and Madame Arnold.

Md.A. Oh! what a prospect here unfolds of mountains
And their vales! rocks and forest cover'd crags
And then the winding flood and meadows green,
And gentle upland, all clust'ring at your
Feet; I ne'er shall tire, but gaze unglutted
On this sweet enchantment.

(*Thunder.*)

Arn. The clouds are gath'ring
For a storm, we must away.

Md.A. Not yet, perhaps
'Twill burst below.

Arn. No! haste! I now forego
The chance to say for what I led thee here.

Md.A. What mean you, then, dear Arnold?

Arn. That like this
Peak, the clouds are gath'ring round my head, and
Soon will burst.

Md.A. Thou hast a secret, then?

Arn. I
Have!

Md.A. And not confide it to your faithful
Wife?

Arn. And would you bear it?

Md.A. I! If not I,

Who then? 'Twere better to disclose the worst,
Than feed the agony that from suspicion
Thrills, for I long since, with deep affection's
Glance, have mark'd that some disturbance ruffled
On your soul.

Arn. You judge aright, but now 'tis
Almost o'er.

Md.A. What almost o'er?

Arn. My deep laid
Scheme of ample satisfaction and revenge!

Md.A. With whom?

Arn. With those I hate!

Md.A. Oh! was there such
A dream deep shadowing in my soul what
Dreadful form wilt this assume?

Arn. I have been
With Andre!

Md.A. Andre again! good heav'ns, and
Where?

Arn. Within our lines.

Md.A. What then could bring him
There?

Arn. To seal our compact.

Md.A. Oh! God, say out
At once, what would you mean?

Arn. Can you bear it?

Md.A. I'll try.

Arn. I am a Traitor!

[*Madame Arnold faints, and as she falls, Arnold catches her in his arms.*]

Sooner or
Late she must have known it. Distressful news
'Twere always best to break abrupt; this truth
Had thus resolv'd me.

Md.A. (*reviving*) A traitor, said you?
Ah! say not so! for with you, Arnold, I
Had link'd all that was brightest and most pure
In honor; I lov'd to think the name you
Bore, unsullied, and in my heart had hoarded
Up your image, with all such virtue grac'd
As chivalry can lend the hero! Say,
Then, it is not so; recall the hateful
Word.

Arn. It is most true!

Md.A. Come! for I must loathe
Myself. Come, let us wander forth like that
First wretched pair who fled from Paradise,
And sought the deepest wilderness of Eden
To hide their shame.
Arn. No, we must still remain;
Our friends will soon be here. This step was prompted
Not alone by wrong, but want, from debts and
Stinted pay. This conflict o'er, I saw no
Prospect but a jail! but now we shall have
What the world has ever and will ever
Pant for, the talisman that changes all,
Makes beauty of deformity, gives weakness
Power. The fatal fascinator, Gold!
Md.A. Gold!
And hast thou added meanness to dishonor?
Degraded man! to sell thy country and
Thyself for gold! oh! Arnold! Arnold!
(*The storm breaks forth.*)
Arn. Come,
Haste to shelter!
Md.A. No! No! I would be here!
The storm without but answers to a fiercer
Storm within. The fury of this tempest
Has no dread for me; I am its kindred
Spirit. Oh! that its fiery shafts would pierce
This breast! and bear me on their blue and quiv'ring
Gleams far thro' those black and cloud-piled heavens!
Arn. 'Tis madness thus to rave! all will go well;
Add not the scorpion sting of thy reproach
To what I thus am doom'd by hardest fate.
Md.A. Doom'd, didst thou say? ay, doom'd unhappy wretch!
Although successful to one wide contempt,
But if detected, to a felon's death,
Or else an outcast from thy native land;
Scorned and accurs'd, thou wilt live on degraded
And disgrac'd; loath'd as polluted; thy name
An obloquy; thy memory with Judas
Link'd—who sold his Lord!
Arn. Why call these morbid
Phantoms up? Hark to a sounder reason.
Md.A. Reason? I cannot reason. I but feel;
I feel the ruin that is on me, nor
Me alone; ye heav'nly powers! but on my

Child! I that began with pride, ambition
As a monitor, and at its instance
Sketch'd a bright career, could bear to see my
Hopes thus set in clouds; but on that innocent,
To have such misery consign'd, will, as
I hold him to my breast, draw scalding tears
Upon his smiling cheek: to know a parent's
Act will leave this legacy of dark reproach
To make him shun men's converse, lest the story
Whence he sprung found utterance; to know no
Glorious ancestry—no pride of race;
To feel the brand upon his father's name;
To bear about a broken heart and curse—
The very source from whence he drew his life:—
It is too much!

(*Lightning strikes—stage filled with livid light, as Arnold bears her off, and exeunt.*)

SCENE VI.

BANK OF THE HUDSON RIVER. ROAD TO NEW YORK.

Enter Paulding, Williams, Van Wert and Andre.

Paul. Bring him this way.
Will. You said you were a British
Officer?
And. Ay; what boots it thus to ask?
Are ye not, as ye have answer'd, from below?
V. W. We range below; but yet in truth belong
Above.
And. Will not this passport then avail?
Paul. It had avail'd; but your confession holds
Some hidden tale; what of these papers, too?
Upon your person found conceal'd? You are
A spy!
And. (*aside*) Duplicity, to me so strange,
Will not succeed. The fatal THREE again,
My dream! my fate is seal'd!
Will. What will you give
For your escape?
And. Whatever you demand;
Or be it goods, or gold; they shall be brought
Where you require: but let me pass, good friends,
I would not meet delay.

Paul. You stir not hence!
We cannot thus betray our trust. We are
But humble men and poor; yet proffer'd thousands
Could not shake the staunch fidelity we
Owe to freedom and our country's cause.
And. Then
I indeed am lost!
Will. And would you not, if
Possible, escape?
And. In very candor
Let me say I would!
Will. From such an issue
We intend to guard.
V. W. Come, let's away: and
As we onward, to the nearest post, relate,
Good stranger, why you thus are here; detail
Your errand, with its whole design.
And. I pray
You, ask no more. To such commander as
We first may come, I will reveal.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

CHAMBER IN ROBINSON'S HOUSE.

Enter Arnold and Wife.

Arn. Here, hist, within, and close the door.
Mrd. A. What now,
Thy face would serve the office of thy tongue?
Arn. Be hush'd, these walls may hold no sound; all, all
Is lost! A messenger has just arriv'd
With fatal tidings; I must thus be brief,
For time now counts its moments dearer far
Than finest gold.
Mrd. A. Now in the name of heav'n
Explain!
Arn. Andre and I had met as I
Have said, within our lines; he took his homeward
Route by land; was then arrested at our
Outer posts, and on his person papers
Found, which jeopardize my fate; my safety
Hangs upon a thread, for Washington will
Soon be here. I must away with instant

Speed; my life is forfeit should I not escape,
And undetected gain the foeman's lines.
We then must part, perhaps to meet no more!

Md.A. No! No! I follow where your fortunes lead:
You cannot thus desert your wife and child!

Arn. Oh! be not now so wildly mad; this were
Impossible: while thus incumber'd, flight
Were vain. I must escape or die; were 't not
Enough to see my germing schemes thus bruis'd
I' the bud? and shall my fiend-like foes exult
And triumph in their victim's end?

Md.A. Arnold,
You shall not go alone; no force shall wrench
Thee from these clinging arms.

Arn. Be calm, my love,
The slightest breath may all betray, and make
All other efforts vain. Release me, dearest,
From thy binding arms; count but the peril
Of delay!

Md.A. Oh! do not leave me thus alone:
Let me entreat you, by a father's love;
A wife's affection; by every tie
These fond relations give; I care not what
Reproach may rest upon thy name, I am
Thy bone and flesh, and know no world but thee!

Arn. I own thee such: but with this gentle speech
Relax not now the vigor so needed
For this crisis of my fate; make me not
Rough from wrath, rous'd by this hindrance. Control
Thyself, and let me go.

Md.A. We cannot, must
Not part, and that for ever; oh, no! use
Not thy force. Stay! linger till thy heart relent,
Or bear me hence!

Arn. Unhand me, woman! Why
Will'st thou idly rave? Thy frenzy loudly
Bids the hangman haste—Death, with his haggard
Front, tracks on his step, and shows thy husband
On the gibbet strung.

[*forcibly releases himself.*]

Md.A. Oh, God! my bitter
Cup is full.

[*She swoons, and as Arnold ex.* curtain falls.]

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

FORT PUTNAM.

Enter Lamb and Varick in haste—detachments of soldiers following—other detachments crossing in an opposite direction—drums beating—alarm guns firing from the opposite shore of the river.

Lamb (*to soldiers*) Haste to the ramparts—you to the upper
Redoubts.—These orders are peremptory.
reads) Despatch—despatch—put all the works in full
Security—an immediate attack
May be expected!
(*to Varick*) A deep conspiracy,
You say, has been divulg'd.
Var. 'Tis whisper'd thus.
Lamb. What ho! the guard.
(*to Varick*) And Arnold implicated?
Var. This openly is said.

Enter Sergeant.

Lamb. (*to Sergeant*) The officers,
Bid them attend.
[*Exit Sergeant.*
(*to Varick*) What more? narrate.
Var. Further,
One Anderson taken at our out posts——

Enter several Officers.

Lamb, Haste! beat to arms; rouse all the garrisons;
to offi- Man all the works; shot ev'ry gun; stand firmly
cers) At your posts; lead on; quick, quick, with bristling
Preparation.
[*Exeunt officers.*
(*to Varick*) What more?
Var. This Anderson

Bore documents, and these by Arnold written,
Gave dangerous notice to the enemy.

Lamb. Damnation! is it so?

Enter Sergeant.

(*to Sergeant*) Fire the alarm
Guns—till ev'ry echo in amazement
Cries aloud at all this baseness.

[*Exit Sergeant.*

(*to Varick*) Where is
The traitor?

Enter Officer.

(*to Officer*) Send out messengers to each
Cantonment; call in the troops, call in, call
In.

[*Exit Officer.*

Var. The last now known of Arnold, is, that
He was seen on horse in rapid pace, his
Course bent to the river.

Lamb. Why, when was this?
'Tis a short hour since his Excellency
And staff, came here most unexpected; indeed,
So sudden, that it bated time to render
Honors due his rank at coming. He ask'd
For Arnold; but for two days past, none knew
Or had seen aught of Arnold: he seem'd perplex'd;
Inspected all our works; and thus departed.

Var. And such was Arnold's guile to favor his
Escape; for as about to make his morning
Meal, he was appris'd of Washington's approach,
As he return'd from off his Eastern tour;
A little after, intimation came
Of Anderson's arrest: the traitor took
It cool, gave out that hasty bus'ness call'd
Him to the Point, there he was sought as you
Have said.

Lamb. On, on, an't please you, to the sequel.

Var. Meantime, while Washington was here, a bearer
Came with all the papers found on Anderson.
These by his Excellency were received
Upon the other shore as he return'd
From thence.

Lamb. And his astonishment may be
Conceiv'd.

Var. He hardly gave his senses credence;
At length confirm'd, his ready mind unravell'd
All; the mystery was solv'd; 'twas clear Arnold
Had fled; pursuit was order'd, expresses
Sent to Greene: the left wing of the army
Is to move on Stony Point; you have your
Orders; and, in short, all that precaution
Can suggest, is done for our defence.
Lamb. What
Brought you here?
Var. I came by leave; where all was
Doubt, I felt my degradation; for I
Have serv'd as Arnold's Aid.
Lamb. Now doth the whisp'ring
Of the very winds blow foul suspicion
In each honest face: sure honor suicide
Hath done, and treach'ry stands sneering at it.
Var. By heav'ns! it taints us all.
Lamb. It does. More men!

Enter soldiers, marching.

I must dispose them—cheer up, good Varick!
And assist our aim—by Jove, we'll bolt such
Thunder, if attack'd, as tho' we'd rouse these
Mountains, in their giant strength, to join us
In the jubilee of battle!

[*Exeunt troops marching to and fro, drums beating and alarm guns firing.*]

SCENE II.

West Point. Guard House in Fort Putnam.

Enter Andre and Tallmadge.

Tall. Here halt we for the night.
And. When move we hence?
Tall. To-morrow, or the morn succeeding.
And. And
Then our destination?
Tall. At Orangetown,
Where camp the host, there will you rest; transferr'd
For more convenience.

And. And then, what further?
Tall. A board convenes for your examination.
And. At Orangetown?
Tall. At Orangetown.
And. How runs
The hour?
Tall. Not late—would you repose?
And. No, chat
Awhile.
Tall. Now need you aught? whate'er of comforts
You may ask, my orders shall provide them.
And. My thanks for all your courtesy. The captive
Feels attentions thus bestow'd; your kindness
Warms my heart with grateful glow.
Tall. Humanity
Should strew the track of ruthless war, with soothing
Deeds; this maxim were my guide; but that apart,
You wake such interest by your deportment,
That all my feelings haste to mitigate
Your lot.
And. Indeed, the evidence is so,
This genial warmth expands me.
Tall. A soldier
Learns to sympathize with what may be each
Soldier's fate. Had but success your enterprize
Once crown'd, you then had gain'd ambition's lov'd
Renown; applause had met thee with its sweetest
Tones; and from your Sov'reign you had won whate'er
Was rich in bounty—yet now—
And. Yet now, alas!
Has fortune, with deceitful wile, o'erturn'd
Our deep wrought plans; and wafting first with fav'ring
Gales, at last has thrown us tempest-torn, discharg'd
Upon this hostile strand; your country's star
Ascends. Tell me my fate.
Tall. Speak not of that;
Hope what is best: I would not add, to those
You feel, a pang; but let us lead such converse
Gently on, as soothingly may woo your
Spirit from its instant grief.
And. Nay, I insist;
Come, frankly speak! tell me the light wherein
I shall be view'd by Washington, and such

Tribunal as he may convene?

Tall. Why hold
The darkling mirror up to fate? why pawn
The present for a future hour? Let all
Develope as the chance may come.

And. Nay, I
Entreat, most worthy Sir, keep not this matter
In such close reserve; another's judgment
Solves the doubt that trouble raises on our
Darken'd view.

Tall. Since thus you urge; a sadd'ning
Tale recurs that memory can never
Hope to wipe away. I had a much lov'd
Friend in early days, my college chum, his
Name was Hale! Soon after that disastrous
Fight, that drove us from Long Island's shore, our
Leader needed information of our
Foe's designs and strength, and at the call, then
Made by Washington, Hale volunteer'd, went
On his mission, and fulfill'd its scope; but,
As he compass'd his return, the British
Seiz'd him at their outer posts. Know you its
Sequel?

And. They hang'd him as a spy—but sure
This instance tallies not with mine?

Tall. Precise
Alike, and like your fate!

And. So say you? yet
I cannot thus conclude—for, see, comes no
Extenuation from the fact that I
Was brought within your lines against my will?
And with the knowledge, too, of him who held
Command? If I assum'd complete disguise,
Such act was subsequent to entry, and
By the peril justified, that then my
Safety ran: this cannot frame the crime, it
Must be full at first, or fail.

Tall. Now, by my
Faith, I would not rob a tittle from your
Hope; urge in defence these well laid thoughts and
More: but dwell not now, and so without avail,
On what will cast its shadows on the mind.

And. I will not brood; but reason must have way.
If then my fate is fix'd, as you would say;

And that you say, and thus pronounce in terms
So positive, that none may now deny
My doom confirm'd; why then this board were mock'ry,
Conven'd to try what is predestin'd; where
Judgment twins with accusation; or why
Is execution on a sentence thus
Forgone deferr'd? If I must die, speed were
Mercy. It cannot be; my case has doubts:
I will have hope! There's honesty display'd
In consultation.

Tall. Hope on, for hope is
Mercy's messenger! and may its spirit
Now diffuse the balm that lulls to rest. Farewell.

And. Good night, good Tallmadge.

[*As Tallmadge ex. scene closes.*]

SCENE III.

West Point.

Enter Tallmadge and Varick.

Var. My friend, now pity me, I need your best
Advice. Alas! what stain now crusts my honor!
Thus to have had connection, tho' unconscious
Of his crime, with this most infamous and
Base of traitors! Point out my course, you know
Me innocent; how deep were all deceiv'd.

Tall. Varick! had you but told me that the sun,
When shining with his brightest glow, was black!
Or that some other strange anomaly
Existed in the course of well-pois'd nature,
I had believ'd it sooner than the charge,
That, on his country, Arnold thus had play'd
This falsehood. Whom can we trust, when those who
Run their high career, thus falsely step and
Fall! Pity you! indeed, my friend, I do;
Full well I know your yet untarnish'd honor!
This implication shall be wip'd away;
Demand inquiry!

Var. I shall, and that forthwith;
This base deserter stands alone: this time

Will show. He had a most miraculous
Escape; for on the sudden and o'erwhelming
News, that his accomplice was arrest, he
Hurried to his wife, told her his danger;
That they must part, perhaps for ever; and
Left her in a swoon; then on a ready
Saddled horse he gain'd the river—there took
A barge, and bade the lusty rowers pull
As if he bore a flag, and gain'd the Vulture;
Soon after, Washington arriv'd. His special
Messenger, as well you know, by Jameson
Despatch'd, with all the papers found on Andre
When brought in, had miss'd his Excellency,
As he took the upper route from Hartford;
But Arnold's villainy was soon reveal'd;
And tho' eluding all pursuit by rapid
Flight, he found a ready but disgraceful
Refuge with the enemy—He fled, and
Left behind a name for execration!

Tall. Ay, ay, eternal execration! and,
Thus, lost to his honor, lost to his country,
Dies—he that once so brilliant shone—with ling'ring
Pangs a moral death!

Var. How fares his victim?
He seems resign'd, tho' of his coming doom
Not quite yet conscious.

Var. In that behalf, what
Orders have been taken?

Tall. Tho' ev'ry usage
Of relentless war demanded speedy
Doom, yet Washington, led by humanity,
Deferr'd all rash process; and, that inquiry
Might more formally be made, he has detail'd
A Board of Officers, and those of highest
Rank; the pris'ner thus has opportunity
To urge his utmost plea.

Var. When meet the Board?

Tall. I have th' accus'd in charge; they wait our coming.

Var. And he has been most constantly with you
Since first his capture?

Tall. Yea, almost: in fact
When Andre, with his captors, first came in
Where Jameson commands, I then was absent;
But soon thereafter did return. I heard

The incident, which seem'd a mystery
Puzzling to solve; dress'd as a citizen,
(For Andre had doff'd, at Smith's, his first costume)
Yet loaded with such documents, 'twas hard
To place him; yet as he pac'd the guard-room
To and fro, I caught the soldier's habit
As he turn'd upon his heel; tho' thus assur'd,
'Twas but with pain, to think that one so young,
In manners so refin'd, and of such noble
Bearing, should be thus involv'd. But all surmise
Was lost ere long, in my astonishment,
When, he requesting, I perus'd the letter
He had penn'd to Washington; there Andre
Had avow'd his name, and his distinguish'd
Rank: in truth, he fill'd the Adjutancy
Gen'ralship of Britain's army. Till then
I had not dream'd th' affair was so involv'd
With such importance.

Var. A melancholy
Tale. What led him on? zeal or ambition?

Tall. Both. For, as we journey'd to the Point, and
Saw its mountain battlements, our converse
Ran upon its capture; I ask'd the post
To him assign'd, had all proceeded: he
Pointed out a batt'ry; trac'd the route that
To it led upon its rear; and that, indeed,
With more precision than myself had done;
Show'd where he would have rang'd the ridge, and enter'd,
Sword in hand, the parapet; as he detail'd,
I could but admire th' enthusiastic
Fire that glowing, lit his countenance: his
Eyes were sparkling; his soul with ardor so
Elate, imagination almost seem'd
To cheat him with reality.

Var. The more
We learn of his accomplishments and worth,
The more we curse the traitor, by whose wiles
He thus was lur'd to ruin. But speed me
News when you have learn'd his trial's issue.

Tall. Be so assur'd—I will.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

SCENE OPENS SHOWING THE BOARD OF OFFICERS CONVENED. FOURTEEN GENERALS SEATED AT A TABLE, IN A HALL. GENERAL GREENE, PRESIDENT.

Greene rises and advances before the Board.

Greene These letters by his Excellency sent,
Are thus submitted to the Board.
AMember. What import
Have they?
Greene. The first, from Clinton, bears a brief
Request, that Andre be allowed return
Forthwith to duty.
AMember. That is the task impos'd
For our deliberation.
Greene. The next, despatch'd
From Arnold, states, that Andre in accord
Did act, in what was done, with his direction;
Was doubtless under his protection, when
Within our lines; came with a flag of truce;
Assum'd another name by his request,
And so receiv'd his passports; that this, whilst
Arnold held command, was done; if aught be
Wrong, to him alone impute the blame.
Several voices. Curse
On the traitor!
Greene. And meets it now the pleasure
Of the Board to act in their commission?
Sev.vs. We are prepared.
Greene. Then introduce the pris'ner.
[*Exit an officer, Andre enters guarded. Greene advances to Andre.*]
We are conven'd for your examination.
And. So I am well appris'd.
Greene. But yet awhile
You may defer.
And. No, please you, expedite
The process.
Greene. You will be question'd close; 'tis
At your option to reserve all speech; but
Pause upon your time, and weigh each answer.

And. 'Tis kindly caution'd, but I have no reserve;
If I shall speak, 'twill be to vindicate
The light in which I stand, my fame; but from,
No dastard dread of safety.
Greene. Your attitude
Is painful.
And. Ay, ye are men of honor,
And can feel the pang a soldier suffers
From the charge of having stolen meanly
In your lines, there in disguise to spy, and
Take undue advantage.
Avoice Have you not acted
Thus?
And. Believe me, no; such deed were foreign
To this head and heart: I not willingly
Have play'd the base impostor.
Avoice Why in disguise?
And. The tale is plain and short: we had the right
By ev'ry rule of war, to meet the proffer
Of an adversary; to favor this
We met on neutral ground.
I landed from the Vulture; was habited
In uniform, wrapp'd in an outer coat
To shield me from the cold. I fairly ran
My risk.
Greene. Why then the change?
And. Against my knowledge
And intent; against all stipulated
Faith, they led me in your lines; they then refus'd
Upon th' ensuing night to re-conduct
Me, as I had been brought; thus was I pris'ner;
And to escape, put on a borrow'd dress,
And so regain'd a neutral ground.
Avoice 'Twas thus
Disguis'd you pass'd our posts?
And. 'Twas thus disguis'd
AMbr. And these the documents upon your person
Found?
And. The same, 'tis true, all true—and this my
Pass—with name assum'd, inscrib'd as Anderson;
I would not aught conceal or aught deny;
I fear not death, but shudder at dishonor;
And tho' your policy demand my life,
Still from my name I'd wipe all imputation.

Avoice Came you with sanction of a flag, on shore?
And. I came not thus, nor ever thus conceiv'd;
Had I thus come, I might have thus return'd.
Gr'ne. In then whose house held you this conference?
And. I would not implicate another's name.
Gr'ne. You hold the right, we waive demand; to all
Such matter as you'd further urge we'll bend
Attention.
And. I have not more to add or
Give to this relation; what I have said
Must work its own conclusion: I tread my
Path alone; my motive sought the service
Of my King; what seem'd a vile disguise, I
Have explain'd. Revenge may claim its victim;
But no contempt must brand this brow, or thereon
Infamy impress its stigma.
Greene. (*to officer*) We'll now
Remand the pris'ner.
[*Exit Andre with officer.*]
How speak the Board?
st voice He
Held a secret interview with Arnold.
d v'ce He chang'd his dress within our lines.
d voice He pass'd
Our works disguis'd.
th voice And, when arrested, held
Upon his person papers hid, containing
Information for the enemy.
th voice His
Plea was well devis'd.
th voice Let mercy gently
Speak for youth.
th voice Should he not be sav'd?
th voice The crime
Demands example.
th voice The foe would say we
Dared not sentence one of his distinction.
r'ne. How speak ye, then, in your majority?
ev. vs. He merits death!
reene. We then shall thus record,
By modes prescribed his punishment is death.
ev. vs. Ay ay, 'tis death!!
[*Scene closes.*]

SCENE V.

A Wood back of West Point.

Enter Old Man of the Mountain.

OldM. My wearying march hath worn me; ah! me,
In truth I've been death's agent; the plotting
Arnold hath been o'erdone, as I predicted;
The fatal Three were on the earth, although
Their signs were scor'd in heav'n, yet his proud spirit
Spurn'd them; but still it matters not, the path
Of destiny is so prescrib'd that though
Invisible, our footsteps fall unerring.
All smells of death; 'tis busy all around;
'Tis on the trees, they are tinted; the hoar
Frost, these few nights past, has finger'd the leaves;
Decay has stamp'd the plague-spot. There's a death
Whisper thro' the woods; hark! I hear the howl
Of drear winter; 'tis coming, and life fast
Going. The grey squirrel will be the last
Sojourner. Ah me! I, too, am old and
Weary.

Enter Lamb.

Lamb. A health! old man, whence art thou?
OldM. I
Journey from below; I have travell'd all
The night, and am stiffen'd with fatigue.
Lamb. And
Bear you aught that's new?
OldM. Ay, ay, events tread
Fast upon each other's heels: there are treasons
Hatch'd—but burst in the shell, and murders foul
Are meditated; and victims are bound
For sacrifice; and ev'ry man looks shy
At his neighbor, as tho' he fear'd him; and
Ambition, malice, pride, revenge, hatred,
Are all playing wild pranks; men are well-nigh
Mad, and look ferocious; hell runs riot:
This uproar is call'd Revolution.
Lamb. Ha!
Old man, thou play'st the censor well. What word
Of Andre?

OldM. His hours are told.
Lamb. Know you his
Doom?
OldM. He dies upon the gibbet.
Lamb. When so
Decided?
OldM. But yesterday.
Lamb. In his defence
How hath he then comported?
OldM. 'Twas said, most
Nobly. He stood alone midst enemies,
And they array'd with power imposing; yet
Was he calm, and undismay'd; disclaim'd each
Subterfuge and all concealment; nor ask'd
The pris'ners common right of silence, save
When his story touch'd some other than himself;
Then high-ton'd honor seem'd to make him dumb:
But of his own most fatal implication
He naught withheld, but frankly told the tale
Thro' ev'ry circumstance; thus obviating
Proof. He labor'd not from dread, but deep desire
To palliate his acts from meanness.
Lamb. And
He will justly perish.
OldM. (*aside*) The lone and friendless!
The fatal Three had bound him!
Lamb. What mutt'rest
Thou?
OldM. What is decreed is just; how many
Did arrest him?
Lamb. They number'd three.
OldM. Ay, three;
Thou think'st it chance, and yet 'twas three!
Lamb. What then
Is that? and does it weigh thee?
OldM. Why wouldst thou
Know? 'twere scorn to thee to ask for thy belief;
This is the symbol of that pow'r pervading
All, which, from the mystic Three, that governs
All begins, and thence descending, links th' unseen
To what, in human ken, is visible.
Lamb. Thou art a strange old man. Saw you the doom'd?
OldM. I saw him in his beauty, with that pensive
Eye; the bloom of health was mantling on his

Cheek. Who, as he gaz'd upon that manly
Face, had deem'd it ripen'd for corruption?
Yet the worm, when next he feeds, will glut that
Dainty morsel. Ha! ha! I wish I were
Asleep.

Lamb. His sands run low; his course is short
Between his prison and the grave; while greedy
Time, with avaricious haste, counts up its
Loan, and shuts the door on loit'ring hope.

OldM. Yet
Round the door hope lingers still, for sympathy
Companions hope: while, too, we speak, each effort
Now is made; and Clinton, with affection's
Zeal, will make each trial that may turn aside
The sad catastrophe: with this intent,
Commissioners are now at hand, requesting
Audience, that they, with freshen'd eloquence,
May argue ev'ry fact and rectify
Conclusions: to this your Chief gives now consent,
And Greene receives the delegation.

Lamb. 'Twill
Naught avail.

OldM. 'Tis labor lost; I say, amen.
There must be three; thus, the first was Arnold;
He lives a victim, but extinct to honor;
Then Andre dies; show me the third. But list,
What mournful sound is that of drum and fife?
A fun'ral dirge; these woods and glens seem full
Of death, as if the haunt where wand'ring spirits
Kept their wail.

Enter Funeral Train.

Whom bear they out?

Lamb. One taken
In arms, and executed as a tory;
He suffered at the dawn.

OldM. May I inspect
The corpse?

Lamb. Approach and look.

(*Old Man approaches and then steps back.*)

OldM. 'Tis he, the third!
My worst forebodings true.

Lamb. I must direct
This sepulture.

[*Exit while train moves on.*]

Old M. Alas, unhappy friend!
And after all not saved! The traitor Arnold
Has left thee also in the toils like Andre;
Yet I will follow thy remains; see where
Amid these forest shades they lay thee; there
Will I plant the turf upon thy wood hid
Grave. This duty done, the last sad obsequy,
I'll witness Andre's friendless close; and then
For ever fly to some lone wilderness,
And to its solitudes consign this haggard
Form.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.

ANDRE IN PRISON.

And. And I am doom'd to die; this being now
So palpable in its discernment, must
Fade away, and all that holds corporeal
Functions, in its rightful tune, be then dissolv'd
In immateriality—dust passes
Unto dust—the finite to infinity—
And then eternity, so terrible,
With all its dread conjecture, stands yawning!
The disembodied Spirit! shall it wander
Till the judgment hour, a phantom gliding
Thro' the murky midnight air, or riding
On the drift—as fiercely course the wintry
Storms—mingling its wail alternate utter'd
With the moaning blast!—or sleep awhile that
Dreamless sleep!—to be awak'd, and then, oh,
Horrible!—unless repentance has wash'd
Out the score—to feel such pangs, as now torment
The flesh! or undergo those agonies
That wring the soul—and as it flies, to scent
Th' untiring scourger on its track for ever
And for ever! But now this bosom throbs
With warm emotion. Oh! lost Honora!
The heart, in sorrow's hour, thus yearns to first
Affection—thou wert my early love when
All was bloom—and youth was fondling hope upon
A bed of roses! thy father's stern command

Fell on our hearts like heav'ns electric fire,
And all was black and blighted. Sweet spirit,
Thou hast found an early grave! I come! stand
On those mystic shores, and give its welcome
To my ghost! Ah! in this hour of death, believe
That I had ne'er forgot thee!
(*Draws a miniature from his bosom.*)
This portrait
Of thy angel face—as 'twere thy shade! has
Been my solace; thro' all the dangers I
Have pass'd—whatever lost, with this preserv'd
I still was rich; I gaze by day—and there
Read fondly in those eyes, the softness of
Thy soul on earth; I hear, or seem to hear
Again, the music of those lips! and then
When slumber holds imprison'd reason seal'd,
And in nocturnal revels fancy leads
Around the heart its dance, thou com'st a sweet
Illusion! thy recollection, like some
Rose-hued cloud, hangs o'er my setting sun! Soon
Shall I rest—yet on my lonely grave, no
Hand with tender care will strew its flowers, but
Only th' autumnal winds shed wither'd leaves,
And sing with solemn sound at midnight hours
Their dismal dirge.
What now?

Tall. Alas! my friend,
I bear no news to soothe thy lot.

And. Sir Henry's
Commissioners were met?

Tall. By Greene.

And. Was no
Impression made?

Tall. None made, tho' ev'ry plea,
That ingenuity could urge, was us'd
To place your evidence in light; and thus
The resolution of the Board remains
Unchang'd.

And. This closes, then, each avenue
To hope.

Tall. 'Twere cruelty to say not so.

And. What deep solicitude has not Sir Henry
Shown? His heart bears all the mould of kindness,
Nor would I leave him aught for self-reproach.

In my presentment, I foresaw results;
This letter, thus prepar'd, I pray you send
Him; 'twill note him of his strong advice, which,
Having slurr'd, I thus incur this ill; what
Fault there be is mine.—But more, a widow'd
Mother, of her son bereft, will mourn me;
And those my gentle sisters! who would fondly
Cling upon their brother's form whene'er he
Met them—they have often counted o'er and
O'er the tedious days, that stay'd my wish'd return;
And often stray'd upon the sea-beat beach
And watch'd athwart the idle waves, and hop'd
My coming—ah! they will weep my fate, and
With tears as briny as those waters, on
Whose endless roll for them henceforth no vision
E'er will gleam, save shadowy memory!
May HE, who soothes, bind up their broken hearts!
I would provide them; my commission sold
Will be of moment: I ask Sir Henry
Here to execute this legacy. Speak,
Wilt thou despatch it by a faithful hand?
Grant this to me a dying man.

Tall. I pledge
My word it shall be done.

And. This then fulfils
What I had left of duty to perform.
Now would I ask another boon: bear this
To Washington; it holds the last petition
I shall ever make to earthly power. Tallmadge!
There is no horror in the grave for me;
Its dreary silence; its cold corruption;
The icy worm, with whom I soon shall be
In brotherhood, create no dread; for I
Am borne above these terrors, when I feel
Thus conscious of a life well spent, and that
With honorable aim; but let me die
A soldier's death; drive thro' my heart the reeking
Steel; or pour upon this breast the volley'd
Lead; or lash me to the cannon's mouth, and,
With its dread explosion, hurl the fragments
Of my shatter'd form in air, I will not
Flinch; but spare that felon cord; nor string me,
Like a dog, to hang in gibes! If aught there
Be, that in my character, would on yourself

Or countrymen, impress a generous
Esteem; if aught, in my misfortunes, mark
Me one, whom, as a victim, policy,
And not resentment, claims; oh! let me know
These sentiments prevail, by being told
I shall not meet this branded fate.

Tall. Oh, heav'ns!
I would 'twere in my power to grant your wish,
And, with such solace, to the opening tomb
Soothe your short passage; for I can sympathize
With what so galls your honorable pride,
Nor will I fail to urge, what now your panting
Hopes would see prevail—what else may then refer
To these committed trusts—again I pledge
My honor to perform—what other service
Would you now have done?

And. None, worthy Tallmadge;
But leave me to my meditations—I
Would be alone—I now await your Rev'rend
Chaplain; my time is short; and, for his pious
Visitation, I would arrange my mind.

[*Exit Andre into a back apartment.*
Exit Tallmadge.]

SCENE VII.

FRONT OF ANDRE'S PRISON.

Enter Lamb with soldiers marching.

(*Taking out a paper and addressing the soldiers.*)

Lamb. Attend! thus run the General Orders,
Observe their purport:—"Andre is convict
'As a spy, and by his own confession;
'He will be hang'd at mid-day, on the morrow;
'Let due solemnity attend this painful
'Execution. Each general officer
'And staff, will lend their presence: this measure
'Tho' severe, is just: its mode, by usage
'Fix'd, the laws of war have meted; it has
'Its warrant in the public safety; haply

'Has Freedom 'scap'd th' assassin's knife; and tho'
'They blush to hear the traitor's name, the people
'Still may ever rest assur'd, fidelity
'Will stand their guardian." Now to your posts.
[*Exeunt soldiers.*]

Enter Tallmadge.

What
Now betides, good Major?

Tall. You are, Sir, here
On duty?

Lamb. I am detail'd the escort
To command, upon the morrow. This night
I have the pris'ner in ward; whence come you?

Tall. From bearing Andre's urgent last request
To Washington.

Lamb. Met you success?

Tall. He sought
To die by arms; he fears not death, but shudders
At the halter's ignominy; it was
Denied.

Lamb. A wretched destiny!

Tall. Deeply
Lamented by Washington; his kindly
Heart at first seem'd well inclin'd to favor
The petition; but then in council it
Was urg'd, that such a change would argue doubt
Of guilt—he either was, or he was not,
A spy—if this, he should be freed; if that,
No half-way measure could be rightfully
Pursu'd.

Lamb. Will you communicate this stern
Adherence?

Tall. No; 'twas deem'd the most humane,
To spare his feelings, that his request remain
Unanswer'd.

Lamb. I know it painful rends his
Excellency's noble heart, to thus consign
Th' unhappy youth to such a fate.

Tall. It does;
Stern policy alone compels him; throughout
He has each gentler usage tried to soothe
The suff'rer's lot, even to the furnishing
His meals, with delicate attention, from
His own table.

Lamb. But one alternative
Remain'd to snatch him from his doom.
Tall. And that?
Lamb. Andre's exchange for Arnold!
Tall. But were that
Possible?
Lamb. In confidence, the proffer
Has been made; but tho' acutely Clinton
Feels for Andre; tho' he would sacrifice
So much to save his life; yet have the rigid
Rules of war forbade the harb'ring of such
A thought, as giving up a traitor! This
Proffer was refus'd.
Tall. And he, lamented
Both by friends and foes, will perish.
Lamb. In truth,
Lamented; but yet each patriot heart
Must feel that Providence has to our country
Shown its watchful care, by his detection:
Had but this monstrous plot progress'd, and ripen'd
With success, it would at once have sever'd
All our Eastern from the Middle States; broke
Up our mountain holds; driven us headlong
To the plains; and left the enemy possess'd,
Upon our rear; check'd our communications;
Enabled the foe to baffle movements,
By anticipation; discourag'd friends;
Show'd that our country had its venal villains,
Who only waited for their price; in short,
Had strew'd around incalculable mischief.
Tall. Congress their gratitude have shown, by those
Rewards just lavish'd on his captors.
Lamb. Well
Merited for their fidelity!
Tall. But
What of Smith?
Lamb. There runs a rumor that he
Will be tried; but then, most probably, escape;
No proof can bring his guilty knowledge home.
He might suspect, in fact might know; but it
Would rather seem, the traitor us'd him as
A tool, and kept himself in dark reserve
Without accomplice.
Tall. So now adieu; we

Shall participate in those solemnities
That wait the morrow.

Lamb. Solemnities! well
Said, for they are such when man in judgment
Sits on man, as now—imperative, yet
Mourn'd—regretted, but still truly righteous.
Each preparation is arrang'd for due
Effect—an inner and an outer guard
Will move in strong array: the scene will be
Impressive! and teach the foes of freedom
Caution; and while it thus diffuses awe,
'Twill to the people, as they throng to view
This strange and sadd'ning spectacle, give firm
Assurance that their cause, upheld by God
And right, at last must gloriously triumph!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

ANDRE. MORNING OF HIS EXECUTION. IN PRISON.

And. That hour is near! the last—the hour that comes
To all! I stand at thy mysterious
Portals, Death! Ghastly phantom! thy clasp is
Cold—the passage to that other world, where
Thou wilt surely guide, impenetrably
Dark! Already am I of thy shadowy
Realm, tho' living—the vap'ry fold is round
Me, like a shroud!—the doom'd—men look with awe
Upon the doom'd! the trav'ler of destiny!
Whose track no torch's gleam can trace—no answer
Follow th' inquiring call sent after him,
Tho' trumpet-ton'd—from out that land from which
No echo comes! The morning breaks, the last
That e'er will break on this devoted head
Until the resurrection's. Thro' my grated
Window I have watch'd the drowsy dawn, since
The first crowing of the cock, its wakeful
Sentinel! yet have I calmly slept away
The night just pass'd, so tranquil sweet, and dreamt
Of home! my childhood's home—I dreamt of England!

Land of my birth, farewell; these eyes are now
For ever clos'd upon thy rural charms;
Thy hedge rows green; the rustic spires embosom'd
'Mid the trees; the limpid stream, by angler
Haunted; and feudal tow'r, with ivy mantled,
Are but illusions now of memory!
How I remember, as I left thy shores,
Which hover'd like a blue cloud, as 'twere, rising
O'er the horizon; and my last long look
Still linger'd o'er the wave till night came down
Upon the ocean, and thy beacon lights
Sunk one by one like setting stars! Again
Farewell—for this has pass'd—that fever'd dream
Of love and martial aspiration—if
Not, the clod will cool them all: and yet how
Hard the soldier's lot—to die with all that
Deep humility that reconciles his
God, while he sustains a proud and stoic
Front to man! But then the great heart reader,
HE will pardon all! I am prepar'd! Come,
Haste my final march, with all its solemn
Pomp of arm'd array—and flash of sabre;
And the glitt'ring bayonet; and cadence
Tread of moving soldiery; and the low
Breath'd music of the fife and muffled drum;
These are my fun'ral rites that harbinger
The tomb; and 'mid the mournful stillness of
The eye-rivetted multitude, will rudely
Hymn, with dismal sounds, my tragic requiem!
(*Bolts withdrawn.*)

Enter Tallmadge and Lamb.

Tallmadge! 'tis kind in these last moments thus
To come, and with the presence of a friend
Bring consolation—take while you can my
Warmest greeting—I soon shall greet no more!

Tall. I come not now, dear Sir, to proffer words
That idly speak of sympathy, enough,
I feel; I would not now beguile your thoughts
From loftier meditations, nor try
To fortify that manly firmness, which
Ever finds its best resources in itself.
Let me assure you, that your late commands
Are now fulfilling, or fulfill'd; and at

This trying hour, if by my presence I
Can aid your comforts, I rejoice.
And. (*to Lamb*) Is all
Prepar'd?
Lamb. The escort wait.
And. I will attend
You.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

OUTER COURT OF THE PRISON. GUARD DRAWN UP.

Enter Lamb, Tallmadge and Andre.

And. Soldiers, receive a dying soldier's
Last adieu! for all the kindness shown, while
In your custody, I warmly thank you;
Tho' policy thus seals my doom, my fate
Would yet seem doubly stern, should vengeance quench
All pity in my fall!
(*Turning to Lamb*) And now I stand
Sir, at your service.
Tall. (*to Andre*) Accept this arm; but
Say, before we move, what is there aught beside
I can perform?
And. Naught, Tallmadge! save that you
Ever witness to the world, that Andre as
A brave man died!

[*As the curtain slowly falls, exeunt omnes, to a slow march, and dirge-like music.*]

FINIS.

ERRATUM.

Read, PAULDING, WILLIAMS and VAN WERT, (Rangers) accidentally omitted in the 'Persons of the Drama,' p. 6.